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THE HOLY TRINITY OF SCIENCE.

BY HUDOR GENONE.

SUPPOSE for a moment that which is not. Try to imagine the unimaginable, to conceive the inconceivable—that all things were in an instant obliterated, and the entire universe a complete void and vacancy: no suns, nor stars, nor planets, nor worlds, nor nebulæ; neither matter nor things made; neither motion nor things to move; neither being nor things existing—that all were nothing. Such a condition is practically unimaginable, but still it is thinkable. The idea may be conceived, as an idea.

But, beyond and before this universal, black, silent blank, there loomed up that which was more tenuous still: the pallid ghost of thought, not to be exorcised even by the magic of the wizard Brain. Even if there were nothing to be reckoned nor measured, it is quite impossible wholly to eliminate the ideas of reckoning and measurement. Even the nihilists of fancy cannot slay the despotic ideas of time and space. And yet what are they—these two? Like Suphis and Sensuphis, builders of the pile of Cheops, we know them only from the vast material pyramid caused by their existence.

In that primeval condition of utter nothingness, what was there still inevitable, absolute, definite, certain? If there was *a* nothing, there was *one* nothing; think of that—ONE! And one was, and is, and ever will be one, a number; and if num-

ber, numerical; and if numerical, mathematical. But mathematics means the relations of quantity—the relations of something; and here was no possibility of relation because there was nothing to be related. Is unity, then, the absolute? Is there a mysterious power and godliness in the number one, by which thought, straining its vision, may perhaps catch a glimpse of its creator?

Let us imagine again. Conceive that somehow out of this utter negation came something—call it matter or substance, call it what you will—a something that was not nothing. One again, unity still; for in the birth of the something the nothing perished. Kronos has slain Ouranus. But this fairy faculty of fancy which can imagine one atom may also conceive of another. There, somewhere in the deeps of infinity, a *where* without locality, the something was. Then another came. Then we have made progress—not as to the means or method of causation, but as to some of the necessities of the new condition. If this second something was, it brought with it (as babies fresh from Paradise are said to bring their own love) certain relations. Still, in the beginning there were no compass points. Like him who stands at the Arctic pole of the earth: no north, east, nor west—all one vast south, one single direction. Space was of one dimension.

Now it is manifest that between these two atoms there must exist relation—a closeness if together, or if apart a space; and that space for the first time in all eternity measurable—not volume nor area, but only linear; a line, and that imaginary, which joins or separates these two atoms. What else? Just one thing, and, I believe, no more than one. It is this, that howsoever near or far, the shortest distance between these two is a right line.*

Going further in fancy, we can construct an imaginary triangle with three somethings, and thereby create at once an imaginary area, and an imaginary volume with four. But what

* Of course it will be understood that a "right line" implies nothing here, and that, in an area such as we have imagined, space of two dimensions, though designed as a plane, may be curved.

must these somethings be? Matter? Well, what *is* matter? Perhaps we shall know more later on. But let us advance a little further in our attempted elucidation of the mystery of the Ultimate and Unconditioned and Absolute. These somethings, which we have called out of the vasty deep, did not come naked into our universe; they came clad with relations, each having its own. With the earlier there were few relations, with the later there were more and more, so that each assumed something and brought with it greater and greater complexity.

With the first something came Being, and by it the extinction of nothing. With the second came, not only itself but the fact of the line and its relations on that line to the other something, and also that other's relations to it. The third also brought, not merely its own self, but, from the very fact of its being, the whole idea of area. And the fourth, similarly by its very being, brought volume to life. These somethings, then, if at all, must have relations, and those relations must be absolute. Therefore I conclude that there exists and has existed "from all eternity," "before the mountains were brought forth or ever the worlds were made," "from everlasting to everlasting," this principle of the universe—RELATION.

Our somethings—whether atoms of matter or whatever they may be—have thus far been considered only as pure existences—fixed, static. Let us revert to our two somethings and suppose that one approached or receded from the other; or, having three somethings, that one of these, theretofore so situated as to be not on the line or its prolongation joining the others, but formed an area; or, having four somethings, that one moved out of that position, which was the cause of a volume of space, into one or another area. Observe that the consequences of such movement in one case killed the area, in the other the volume; but observe also (and to this I desire to call attention) that in making this new assumption we have ceased to regard our somethings as purely static, purely existences having relations: we have brought into this thinkably unthinkable universe of ours an entirely new factor, which is movement of one something toward or from another; what was before entirely

static has now become kinetic. We have therefore another primordial element in the universe, which was not Relation, but motion; in one word—on the whole a better word than motion—ACTION.

As the relations between our hypothetical somethings were purely immaterial, so also all movements or motions between the somethings are immaterial. The action we have thought is not action in a dynamic, but solely in a kinetic, sense. Still, as logically as we could reason upon relations of things, whatever those things were—atoms or points, without length, breadth, or thickness—so may we reason upon the motion of the somethings. If one of our somethings be moving, the time required to pass from one position to another would be (not, as it has been called, another relation, a relation of sequence, but an entirely different thing) a change of relation, a function of the second of the primal realities of Being, a function of *Action.*

Yet there is something lacking to form a coherent image of ultimate reality. We have that which is and that which moves, but where is the mover? In the great, primal, unconditioned, eternal principle of Relation we find the Absolute, the mathematical Necessity of the Universe. In the mechanics of energy through all its phases—electric, actinic, magnetic, thermal, lucid—whatever those forms may be, we have its Activity. But neither in necessity nor activity is there vitality, mentality, spirit.

Relation alone is an "empty abstraction." Action alone is a mere mechanism. Where is the life of the universe? Where is its mind, its soul? Relation is the bow and the cord and the arrow; action is the trajectory. Where is the archer?

Perhaps this figure of the bow and bowman may be of all others, when followed to its logical conclusion, best adapted to convey that exactness of meaning without which science is certainly "falsely so called." The bow and cord and arrow are tools for a purpose. It would be a mistake to limit the comparison solely to those portions of the apparatus which are exterior to the man himself. The fingers, the hand, and the arm; the lenses of the eyes, and all muscles, nerves, fibres, veins, ar-

teries, brain-cells—all parts of the entire system that unite in the one definite act: these all belong to the instrument as much as the wood of the bow, the hemp of the string, or the steel barb and feather of the shaft.

All that which interposes between the real man and the quarry is distinctively functions of Relation. But these things are physical. They are all "matter." Matter is not (as some philosophy declares) absolutely distinct from relation; for matter itself is a function of Relation. It has been said by one thinker: "A relation exists between things. Think away the things and nothing remains." When that process is declined the result is gross materialism; when it is accepted, as it was by Hamilton and Hume, the result is nihilism—both absurd, both contrary to experience, common sense, and science.

Matter is that condition in the economy of the universe where the real and the ideal meet and mingle, where the objective and subjective marry. It is not opinion but fact; not what thinkers think, but that which counts in science. Because matter is a function of eternal Relation, therefore it is eternal. Because it is a function of the eternal reality, therefore it is real.*

In like manner may the flight of the shaft be considered. From that instant, when it left the bow impelled from the hand, until it struck its mark, this may readily be recognized as its trajectory, and that progress being motion as a function of Action. But Action is more than this. As the arrow was continued in the individual, so also is the trajectory. The flight began, not at the tense cord loosened, not at the finger-tips, not at the wrist nor arm, nowhere along the muscles, sinews, or nerves, nor even in the delicate structure of the brain; but all the way, outside and within the path and its progress—both inert of themselves, both mechanical—we trace it till at last, in the very capitol of man, causality, the reasoner, the doorkeeper of the soul's senate, arrests us, saying, gently but effectually, "None can enter here." †

* Yes; "eternal," but in its relation only; and "real," but only as a function of its essence—true Reality.—ED.

† And here is where we find the "reality" and "eternal nature" of matter—

There is the real archer, the real man, whose being is of a quite different order from either his body or his brain. Man is called a person; rather should he be called personified. He is called an actor; rather should we call him *acts*—for that man, whom we see and hear and think we know, is nothing to us but a system of functions, qualities of relation, resultants of action. The real man is that which impels to action, which orders, which wills; whose will is indeed a spark of the Divine Will, a function of the third primal self-existence of the universe—a function of the infinite VOLITION.

This spirit permeates all things. It is not only in the five faculties of a conscious and sane man: it is also in the unconscious, the insane, and the feeble-minded. It is not only in man; it is in the beast of the field and the fowl of the air, in fishes of the sea and in every creeping thing that moveth. And not only is it here, but also in the primordial cell, the moss and lichen, and the herb-bearing seed, each after its kind. And not only is it in that which we are accustomed to call vital: it is in the lifeless things also. The insensate crystal is formed because of it, and the dull, lethargic rock feels within that divine impulse and wakes drowsily from its slumber of ages to dole out from its own substance the soil of earth that the seed may live.

This spirit was in the primordial rocks when they were melted with the fervent heat, while yet the earth was without form and void and darkness was upon the face of the deep. It was in the great solar dynamo and in the glowing, vaporous nebula, the far attenuous gases which gathered together into one place. It was in the whirl of the spirals and the luminous rings, in the electric fury and the calm of gravitation, and in that mysterious potency which in the beginning spoke as the Word: "Let there be light."

Do not believe that this infinite Volition has anything in common with either Relation or Action in any of their manifes-

back, through analysis, which discards the externality of matter at every step and retains only that which transcends the phenomenal; still back to where no matter can be recognized—at the Heart of Reality, where matter can never enter, but to which it is at best only a stepping-stone to higher, purer understanding.—ED.

tations. In electricity Relation is the wire, Action the spark, Volition the sender and the receiver and the message. In speech Relation is the tongue, larynx, palate, lips; Action is the movements of these and the vibrations of the air; but Volition is the thought. As man is a trinity, so is God. Man is material, God is substance. Man is active, God is Activity. Man is volitional, God is Will itself.

This is no argument for a personal God; and even if the inevitable logic of the facts demands a real Being in the Universe, a Causer, a Designer, an "Artificer," a Will of which all will, all impulse, all spirit is a function, yet this can never be the crude, unscientific "argument from design." Argument is rhetorical; science is logical. Hypotheses deal with surmises and probabilities; science deals with facts and principles. A fact may be unprincipled, but a principle can never be unfacted. If nothing can be truer than a fact, not less true must that principle be by which that fact has existence. If I have discovered the idea, did I cause the idea? Manifestly not. Like an artesian well in the lowlands, the spring flows, not (as it seems) from below, but from that far-away reservoir among the heights beyond the horizon.

From an inherited zeal for beauty the pious have felt compelled deliberately to shut their eyes to phases of the world that are hideous and loathsome. What intellect could not explain hearts ignored, and so the idea of a ponderous Personality, in the image of man, arose as the Supreme Being, Creator, and Causer, who in the beginning, "dove-like, sat brooding on the vast abyss and made it pregnant"—

> "That which we dare invoke to bless;
> Our dearest faith, our ghastliest doubt;
> He, They, One, All, within, without;
> The Power in darkness whom we guess."

That philosophy is futile which in a Being who is Lord of all being can account for the light but not for the darkness. The philosophy of certainty cancels the guess. "This was some time a paradox, but now the time gives it proof." The

philosophy of certainty charges us to fling away opinion. Facts in their fit places make the body of Truth.

So we have our Trinity, our triune God, without body, parts, or passions, in whom we live and move and have our being :

Relation, or that which is.

Action, or that which does.

Volition, or that which desires.

And these three are one in that Unity which we call God. God is not "Almighty;" he is supreme only within the limits of his character. He causes, but he cannot make contrary to his own nature. It is possible that he might have made worlds in space rhomboidal instead of spheroidal, but he could not so long as physical nature remains as it is; and even then in a square world the diagonal must have been the longest right line.

So might the examples be multiplied. The subtle and simple were born twins. This does not assume anything but the infallible dicta of science. Neither does it destroy the law of faith, but rather fulfils it; for we are told that God is without beginning or end, that he is from everlasting to everlasting, and that he cannot change or lie.

SYMPATHETIC VIBRATION IN NERVOUS ATTRACTION.

BY JOHN E. PURDON, M.D.

(*Part I.*)

TWO years ago some of my pulse-tracings, claiming to illustrate the existence of *rapport* between certain individuals, were presented to the Psychical Science Congress at Chicago, where I read a paper upon the subject of "Nervous Attractions." This paper was well received and the tracings were submitted, at my request, to the examination of a sub-committee, the result being that nothing was found to contravene my statements or my claim to have made the radical discovery which turns "psychical research" into one of the physical sciences.

Fourteen years ago I saw the pulse-tracing of a sensitive lady change to that of my wife, who was holding her hand, while the paper was in the act of running through the sphygmograph. Experiments carried on for months confirmed the actuality of the discovery, and I had no doubt but that time was all that was necessary to convince the scientific world and the public generally that the physiological method was that best calculated to supply trustworthy data from which to generalize in the field of spiritual research.

I beg to submit the private report made to me by one of the members of the above-named sub-committee, Dr. Edmund Montgomery, who is well known as a gifted philosophic writer and practical biologist, and whose original work with the microscope on the fundamental phenomena of life has made his name respected wherever English science is appreciated. Dr. Montgomery's opinion is to me especially valuable for two reasons: first, that he is not prejudiced in favor of anything

spiritualistic; and secondly, that his own scientific generalizations have been the result of the examination of data furnished to his eyes as an observer of forms. He says:

"This will mainly account for the delay in letting you know the result of my close examination of your truly wonderful arterial tracings. So far as I can judge, your photographs show that the tracings of persons at first quite different prove alike when they happen to be in what is called 'rapport.' This is sufficiently astonishing when we consider how complicated the conditions are which determine the special character of the tracings.

"Counting merely the sundry sources of innervation, cardiac and arterial, quite a number of factors co-operate here to form the primary pulse-wave and its secondary modifications. Synchronous concordance has then to be established by the combination of all the co-operating conditions. This indicates that a central influence dominates the process of assimilation. Such an influence in this instance could proceed from no other source than the emotive sphere of the subliminal consciousness.

"Now, the question is, Through what agency is the emotive harmony brought about—the harmony which expresses itself with such precision in the tracings of the pulse-wave? Here the strange phenomenon is displayed in cases where at times only one radial artery, the left or the right, expresses the established conformity. This one-sided phenomenon seems to necessitate the supposition that only the dominating nerve-centre of one-half of the body has been harmonized.

"This would agree with what is said to happen in the case of hypnotic suggestion, as regards sensations, perception, and voluntary movements. Now, if such suggestion can really be imparted, not only through physical means but merely mentally and even at a distance, then indeed some imperceptible medium for the transference from one person to another of sensations, visions, thoughts, and emotions has to be postulated. This holds good also for cases of your own where tracings become harmonized at a distance and without physical communication. It is true that many eminent investigators, after seemingly careful experiments, have declared the transference of mental states without physical means to be an actual fact. Yet for one who is scrupulously aware upon what definite mental states actually depend most of the specific and intimate organization of nerve-tissue, it is hard to believe in such transference through whatever medium. Of course, if the statement admits of sufficient scientific demonstration and verification, all preconceptions to the contrary will have to give way. Thus, in order to convince scientists in general of the validity of your exceedingly interesting observations, it will be necessary—as in all instances of entirely novel experience—to induce a number of careful investigators to repeat and verify them.

"I would be more than willing to probe this matter of mental transfer-

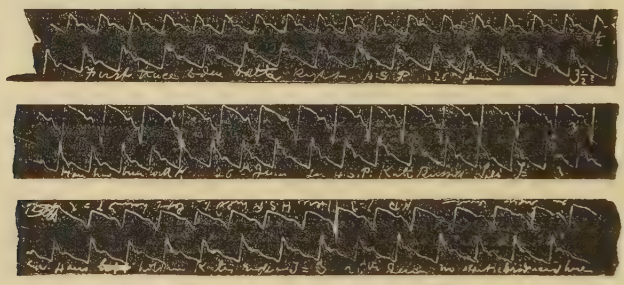
ence if I had the necessary opportunities, which I have not, and cannot here bring together. The peculiarly sensitive disposition of persons fit for experimentation renders verification very difficult."

The above expresses the results arrived at by Dr. Montgomery after the examination of about six hundred tracings, taken from various persons, in my own house and in the hospital, of which I was in medical charge at the time. In January, 1882, I wrote an account of the discovery for the *Spiritualist*, in which I gave some of my own views upon the physical basis of *rapport*, so that the facts of the case are known to many; but it is strange that the application of this principle of sympathetic vibration has not become more general in the investigation of psychic problems.

For several years past the expressions "brain-wave," "thought-vibration," etc., have been current in the explanations that have been offered to account for the physical side of the extraordinary influence of one nervous system upon another, with the result of thought-reading or sympathetic impression or some other of those familiar to psychic students; but up to the present I am not aware that any one has succeeded in illustrating his theoretical deductions by the presentation of the actual facts of sympathetic vibration as existing in the different individuals so related. In this paper I offer the actual discovery of the mode in which the physical basis of *rapport* was first found to exhibit itself—on the 26th of June, 1881, during the course of some experiments I was making with a sensitive in my own house. From theoretical considerations I had undertaken a research on the pulse-waves of my subject in the hope of finding data to support my views. The sphygmograph, or pulse-writer, was the instrument employed. By the use of the sphygmograph we obtain a pattern, or picture, in two dimensions of the up and down pulse-vibration, which the finger can only roughly estimate. By the aid of clock-work, which drives a slip of blackened paper across the to-and-fro movement of the needle, we have the pulse, as it were, drawn out sideways through the composition of the two motions. We have then an indication of the blood distribution, under the direction of

psychic impulses from *within* the nervous system; that is to say, we have a symbolization of the distribution of the blood energy to a certain part of the body amenable to observation. If two individuals, whose pulse-tracings are otherwise quite different, are on exceptional occasions found to show similar pulse-pictures, I maintain that these hæmographs are indicative of the existence of a *vera causa*, whether physical or psychical, according to the point of view from which we wish to regard it.

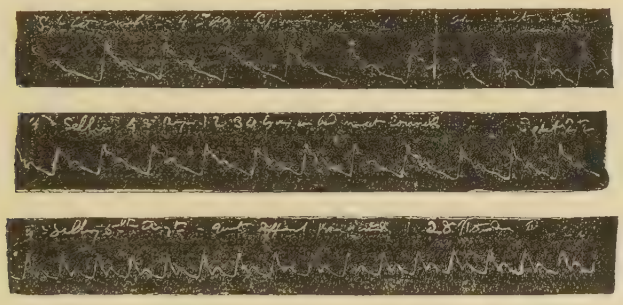
This forces us also to include in our *schema* of nervous relationship and identity a sub-conscious design on the mental side, which manifests itself by an identical distribution of energy in the two cases. The tracings have been reproduced from the originals by the photo-etching process and are therefore accu-



rate and trustworthy. The first slip shows the tracing of Mrs. Purdon's right radial artery. The second slip shows the tracing of the left radial artery in the case of the sensitive, Miss R——, whose hand Mrs. Purdon was holding at the same time. It will be seen that in the lower line of the second slip the pulse-tracings begin similarly to those of the lower line of the third slip, but that they gradually change their appearance until, in the middle of the tracing (lower line, second slip), they entirely conform to those of Mrs. Purdon, as shown above (lower line of first slip). The right radial tracing from Miss R—— shows no conformity to that of Mrs. Purdon, although the conditions of relation between the two ladies were pretty much the same as before.

It was subsequently ascertained in a long series of experiments extending over four months, during which time many series of tracings were taken, that the law of the phenomenon was the conformity of the left pulse on all occasions to that of Mrs. Purdon or myself, when *rapport* was established during the sensitive period, at intervals of four weeks or so. The right pulse also presented from month to month a characteristic appearance; but in no instance was it like my own or Mrs. Purdon's. The data so obtained I considered to be conclusive proof of the physical interaction of the two separate nervous systems outside of the known physiological modes of sympathetic vibration.

Another instance, indicating forced or transferred physiological state from one individual to another, is shown by the ac-



companying tracings. The first is that of a strong man of neurotic temperament, but of a dominant character, the general outlines of whose pulse-trace were well preserved though subject to variation. The second is that of a man who was placed in a bed next to the first in the hospital ward, with the view of discovering if any *rapport* could be recognized between them. The latter was very unstable in his pulse-trace and easily disturbed by trifling causes. It will be seen by comparison of the tracings that the second man conformed almost exactly to the type of the first, while the lowest trace, which is also that of the weak and unstable man taken at another time, shows how utterly different he could be from the first.

This identity of pulse-trace shows the existence of identical psychic states, at least so far as the vaso-motor centres of one side in each man were concerned; for we are obliged to confess that similarity of physical expression implies similarity of design, and therefore of mental (or sub-mental) operation. Then, *ex pede Herculem*, we infer that one entire brain action may influence another to a greater or less extent, since one of the lower centres is proved to exert a specific effect upon the corresponding centre of a similar organism. The medium of communication can be nothing else than the ether in special relation with the two nervous systems, which thus function identically through the presence and agency of sympathetic vibrations. Since these vibrations or ether movements are entirely independent of the muscular system, and, as psychic signs originate and are received without reference to the voluntary muscular system, it will be interesting and instructive to generalize from the basis of the above experimental results to more pronounced and extraordinary psycho-physical changes.

In another article will be given the application of these principles to the transference of mental pictures and to the scientific interpretation of "spirit photography."

"AN IMAGINATIVE MAN:"

A PSYCHOLOGICAL STUDY.

BY J. ELIZABETH HOTCHKISS, A.M., PH.D.

IMAGINATION is the creative faculty. When balanced by reason it maintains an accurately normal condition.

In a former article * the writer has pointed out the fact that imagination is abnormal in the degenerate, normal in equilibrium, and supernormal in the genius. Degeneracy and genius represent properly two opposite extremes of mental development; yet in the popular mind they are frequently confused. Material scientists who have sought for the operations of mentality in physical depravity are especially liable to error. It is not at all strange that Max Nordau, in the course of his investigation of mental conditions in diseased and criminal degenerates, eventually lost his point of view and failed to discriminate between the abnormal and the supernormal. In this he became necessarily unjust in his judgments upon genius. The abnormal imagination is destructive either inwardly to the physical body, in which it is perpetually brooding mischief, or objectively and openly. Abnormal conditions frequently lead to insanity and the destruction of life. The supernormal imagination, on the contrary, is creative.

The two leading characters of the book entitled "An Imaginative Man," † by Robert S. Hichens, are excellent examples of degenerates, and one in particular we have chosen for a study of the abnormal imagination. Although we are constantly reminded of the possibilities of the imagination if turned into the right channels, yet in the case of these lead-

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† Published by D. Appleton & Co., New York.

ing characters, Henry Denison and Guy Aintree, we find that the one is running away from the common interests of life in the search for mystery, while the other is plunging madly into the excitement of life in order to escape from disease and death.

The thoughts that flood the mind of Henry Denison are a fair illustration of the mental panorama that is fast losing the balance of control. He was a "tall, thin man of about thirty-eight. His eyes were dark brown, bright and restless; a moustache and a short-pointed beard scarcely hid the lines of his mobile mouth, which smiled rather cynically." He is evidently a man sensitive to impressions, yet the further description shows that he is too easily bored to be able to comprehend them. Possessed of an inordinate curiosity, he is constantly seeking novelty—not for the purpose of making use of it, but simply for the sake of the new sensation. He wonders and allows his interest to be aroused as long as he fails to understand, but, when the riddle is solved, perplexity at once gives place to ennui. His restless eyes show the condition of his mind and reveal the one great need of concentrating the attention under the firm direction of the reason.

While drifting from one subject to another he is like a ship driven by the wind. His one fear is finding the solution of the riddle, his one desire is to happen upon some enigma that will continue to fascinate by continuing an enigma. Failing to control his own mind he seems to be seeking for some external object that will hold his attention and fascinate him. Thus the shifting will indicates the need of control, but too often fails to search within the man himself for that control where it ought properly to be exerted.

The life of Henry Denison is a type of modern boredom: possessing all the capacity for a useful and happy life, yet driven by inordinate curiosity to search perpetually for new experiences, and always unsatisfied, hungering, feverish, and restless in the experience commonly known as "enjoying life." Life in reality is not in the object but in the essence. The objective or phenomenal world is that which is called "Vanity of Vanities." The essence of the world within is the Life in real-

ity. The whole fault with this character, as with many characters in actual life, is simply in the point of view—in searching outwardly instead of inwardly; and the greater is the misfortune in this case for the very reason that the man is thoughtful, receptive, and refined, but seems to lack only a knowledge of the true Way of Life. The activity of the intellect, in being perpetually unsatisfied, therefore assumes by degrees a certain craftiness and cunning, even suspicion, as the thread is cut little by little which holds the relation between the imagination and the reason. There is gradually lost the power of concentrating the attention. This is one phase of degeneracy, and is likely to appear among the rich who are inclined to be idle, and find no interest in life beyond the indulgence of pleasure, rather than among the poor who are forced to work, and in so doing keep the mind employed.

In the opening chapter we find Henry Denison critically watching his young wife at her prayers. He wonders what she is praying about, and if she believes in a God or is only trying to "sound" him. He recalls the cathedrals they have visited, and the usual traveller's curiosity with which they went to hear mass as they would go to the opera. It occurs to him that she may be a Pharisee and only makes a pretence at long prayers, or perhaps she is not aware that he is watching her. "These private prayers are fascinating. Everything that is strictly private is fascinating. Only when one has made it strictly public does the bloom vanish from the peach. The Bluebeard's chamber of the soul is, after all, the only room worth looking into." Then he wonders about the "headless creatures" and the "bizarre monuments of mental crimes" that may exist in the Bluebeard's chamber of Enid, his wife. The thought develops with what it feeds upon. While he is smiling whimsically to himself, Enid, unconscious of his presence, rises from her knees with a sigh, and "there are tears in her big dark eyes." At that moment husband and wife are very far apart. She is little more than a child in the simplicity of her heart, and he a cynic grown bitter with experience. A marriage like that is invariably a failure. So long as the rid-

dle remained unsolved, however, they were still comparatively happy. The cynic appears in him again during his midnight meditations, when he is smoking his cigar alone:

"If only men and women were more incomprehensible than they are! I have never yet met with a human being whom I could not thoroughly understand after a certain period of study and detective duty. Yet I have married Enid. That was rash. But I do not quite understand her yet. What a mercy that is! Misunderstanding keeps love alive."

Although Enid alone is still a riddle to him, yet the others, both men and women, are mysteries that are gone and he turns their photographs to the wall. Women he concedes to be more complex than men, and consequently more interesting; but he concludes: "Study their vanities and you can classify them. Teach them to be jealous, and you will teach them to reveal themselves as they are;" and he dreads the time when Enid will be revealed to him. Meanwhile he has married her to study her. He has watched her among the Roman ruins and on Venetian lagoons. When he has kissed her, when he has quarrelled with her—at all times he has watched her, even when she prayed; and then he has wondered what she prayed for, what were her secret desires, in the belief that "our secret desires are our souls." Yet she evades him, not consciously, but doubtless impelled to do so by the instinct of a loving woman —the instinct of self-preservation.

The sensitiveness of his character is shown by a certain phase of artistic emotionalism which Nordau would class among the signs of degeneracy. This sensitiveness in itself, however, is the most fertile ground for the higher development of character. It is only when tortured by conflict and incongruity and held in the bondage of questioning uncertainty that it becomes eventually unbalanced. It is because of its separation from the divine Source of Life that the soul is tortured by such questioning as follows:

"Why am I really so detached from people, so swiftly moved, at moments, by inanimate things, by a sound, a scent, the patter of a shower among slippery laurel leaves, the pose of a figure in an old picture? Even

colors often strike me as more suggestive than words expressing thoughts.* There is a life in scarlet that many men lack. There is a passion in deep orange color that passes the passion of a thousand modern women. Sometimes I have fancied that I shall fall in love with an echo, or be enthralled by an orchid with a history in its lustrous spotted petals. Sometimes I have dreamed that I shall beat out my life against a stone personality that will conjure up fancies and own no voice with which to dispel them. We lay love's castles in ruins with our tongues, even with our movements, with those endless repetitions of gesture and of attitude that men call tricks. The disembodied sound has no tricks. The statue and the picture have no words. They suggest and leave us to realize if we can. In their impotence lies their power."

The fatal moment appears eventually upon arriving in Egypt, when Enid grows restive under the burden of mystery and falls a victim to that love of frankness that possesses the soul of every good and noble woman. She is like many another in whom the actress gives place to the woman and throws off the simulation of courtship. This is perhaps the most fatal instinct of a woman's love—that she craves to be understood; for in man there is too often the love of mystery which inevitably results from his desire for conquest. It is a wise woman who knows how to preserve the mystery even after marriage. Enid, revealed to him, is no longer interesting. He realized his mistake when he found there was no riddle to guess. Her eyes were deeper than her soul. The visible in her was a contradiction to the invisible, nor did she correspond mentally to her physique. Although he had said to her: "You have given me your heart. Give me your soul. I assure you I wish to have it," yet when the riddle had been solved and he found himself snared by nature's drawing and nature's painting of a pair of eyebrows, by the seeming reflectiveness and thoughtfulness of her mind, and by the suggestions of infinity in her deep dark beauty and the wonderful mystery in her little graceful tricks of vagueness—to find all this mere delusion, then he could have seized her by the throat and cried: "You fool! why have you allowed me to understand you?" At this moment

* A type of degenerate mentioned by Nordau.—J. E. H.

his mind is conscious of its nature, only to realize too late that he would gladly have offered a suggestion to Enid in order to have kept up the illusion.

On the journey to Cairo two new characters are introduced —a mother and son. The boy is a consumptive, yet clinging desperately to life. He is petulant and excitable, with a grim determination wholly the reverse of high-mindedness. There is "none of the elevation of strength, only strength's bizarre brutality." This gives him a certain concentration of mind which renders his expression somewhat interesting to Denison, who is now in need of a new interest. The mother is constantly devising something to entertain her boy and suggests the prospect of the races upon their arrival at Cairo. "Yes, that will be something to do," he remarked in a sinister manner; "depend upon my making the time a merry one if it is short." The mother is cut to the heart and winces as from the stroke of a whip, but she is "one of those clever women who understand that in concealment of pain lies sometimes pain's opiate."

Denison has observed them closely and his morbid thought leads him to wondering "in what direction the average mind would turn when full in sight of death—of death not immediate, and whose approach has not yet drawn all power of action from the body. Would the average mind become paralyzed, as the rabbit before the snake, and merely remain motionless? Would it, on the contrary, proceed quietly on its usual way? Or would it execute a violent turn, and, if so, toward what?" He doubted the usually accepted fact that the average mind approaching death invariably brings a strong desire for the consolations of religion. "As weakness steals upon the body, something invisible often digs spurs into the emotions." "The body falters, but the feelings gallop, until the noise of their impetuous advance attracts the attention, perhaps appalls the serenity of the healthy who are standing by. Denison thought he could hear the faint beginning of the rush of this boy's mind, just starting, it might be, upon an enthralling onward course, that would, he fancied, become eventu-

ally headlong." Meanwhile Enid is happy because at last she believed she was understood.

These two characters, Denison and the invalid boy, are both possessed of great mental activity and even mental determination. There is power in both cases, but unfortunately misdirected. The boy would be called by the world at large "consumptive." Yet a metaphysician would see more than the wasting flesh and note the extravagant wastefulness of the mental energy. He would see the end from the beginning, and would observe that the very despair by which the imagination was lashed into renewed activity was not helping him to escape death, but gradually cutting his last feeble hold upon the source of Life.*

Denison, on the contrary, was striving to escape the activities of life, and yet in his morbid, critical, sarcastic brooding he too was cutting himself off from the source of renewed activity and little by little helping to unhinge the balance of the mind. He begins by turning all his photographs to the wall and then looks for a new mystery. Both represent a loss of equilibrium. Both are centred upon self. It is in such conditions of mind that we find Denison and the boy both stopping at the same hotel at Cairo. Denison has a keen appreciation of incongruities. His mind frequently shows that acrid acuteness that may be observed in the insane, and he particularly speaks of these inconsistencies as if to make consistent to others that which constantly appears to his own mind somewhat emphasized in its separate duality. Every thought is seen only by the darkness of its shadow: "I wish one could travel without being a tourist. One's degradation is so terrible. But one might as well wish to go into society without being bored. To visit the Pyramids and the Sphinx for the first time is as humiliating as a new birth would be."

His mentality here comes so close to the borderland as almost to read the riddle of the Sphinx. He catches a glimpse of its secret, not in its positive phase as the image of Eternity,

* These principles are more fully explained in previous articles on "Concentricity." METAPHYSICAL MAGAZINE, August to December, 1895.

but in its negative emphasis upon the limitations of human comprehension. To see the Sphinx for the first time is like being born again to a new understanding of the eternal verities. Had he been more of a philosopher and inclined to develop thought rather than pursue it, he must have come upon this question: Man is an immortal soul, and yet why is he content to behold Eternity only in the outward form? In viewing the Sphinx, why does he perceive only this bruised and battered image as it has grown to appear under the defacement and limitation of time? Surely it suggests a thought more than it is able to express, but one ought to find it in this silence of the desert. As it was, he said to Enid:

"Do you not feel a cold shudder at approaching one of the wonders of the world? You go to see it and *take your personality with you.* That is the mistake. You try to feel breathless before it, and know all the time you are thinking that the lunch at the hotel is certain to be bad or that the sun is inartistically hot. . . . I am absolutely dreading the Sphinx. I have heard about its defaced majesty for years. Its glorious ugliness was a kind of household word in my family, and household words make family life ungrammatical. Hundreds of thousands of tourists have been overcome with awe by it. I feel certain that my nerves will play me a trick when I see it, and that I shall burst out laughing, to my eternal disgrace."

Then he condemns his words as flippant and unfair and relegates the facetious tone of mind to the lowest forms of humanity. His sarcastic mood returns, however, as they approach the riddle of the ages, the incongruities reassert themselves, and he declares that "great achievements draw out the dregs of human nature, which is obvious from the remarks of the personally conducted tourists." Enid observes him later completely absorbed in contemplation. The new riddle has aroused his interest. He has grown very pale. She speaks to him but gains no answer. Then she exclaims in alarm: "Harry, Harry, are you ill? Harry!——" "Don't interrupt us," he answered, in a peculiar voice, low and level.

It was by a very simple incident that the complete absorption of his thought found reaction. A small boy lingering near them picked up some small stones out of the sand and

threw them lazily at the Sphinx. Denison turned suddenly upon him, his face distorted with anger. With one fierce bound he leaped upon the amazed Arab, struck him with his closed fist on the side of the head, and rolled him over in the sand. The boy sprang up and with a wail of terror rushed among the approaching tourists as if pursued by a demon. Denison finally restored peace by giving the boy a coin, and to his wife he explained: "Do allow me the luxury of a mood. . . . It is extremely tiresome to have stones whizzing past your head when you are conscientiously trying to be orthodox."

Denison found a certain interest in watching the foibles among the guests of the hotel. It amused him to observe them under circumstances of excitement, terror, or pain, at a climax of passion or despair. He liked them when they lost their heads and became abnormal. Doubtless he felt more akin to them when they gave expression to the same lack of mental balance that existed in him, though he took care that his own should be always carefully guarded. He often said: "We are only interesting when we are not ourselves. When we are ourselves we are as God has made us. And God has made us very dull." Here he shows the prevailing tendency to blame God for the work of man. It was due to his love of the abnormal that he readily became interested in the boy. Here at least was a restless soul, one that in mind and body was in a condition of turmoil. His vivacity was incessant and wild, and to Denison's thinking he seemed to move amid the chattering crowd in a detachment full of secret horror. Denison was himself keenly receptive of these impressions, and now they come to his sensitive imagination in the form of poetic pictures, which is the tendency of a partial understanding to personify. He thought of "spring suddenly seized by the hands of autumn, covered with dry, rustling, dead leaves, but struggling from its shroud, and stretching out violent hands after the flowers and the pomp of summer. The rustle of those dead leaves was very loud in Denison's ears. He wanted to take them up in his hands as the miser takes up gold pieces, to let them slip through his fingers, to feel the dryness of them,

and to note the fading mystery of the hues with which they were dyed."

When he finally becomes acquainted with Mrs. Aintree he finds her what the world would call "a most unnatural mother," and yet he can probe deeper into her motives and find the hidden wisdom of her manner. The escape from conventionality seems to have given him a keen appreciation for the weakness of its armor. "In London even virtue seems sinister," he remarks; "but only here is vice decked in a gay blue ribbon and an orange-colored girdle, and dances openly to a pipe instead of clinging to the skirts of secrecy." In regard to society's "preaching in public and drinking pineapple-rum in private," he replies, "But the world is beginning to mark the red nose and to suspect the bar-parlor."

The wonderful comradeship of the mother toward her son is shown in many ways. She acts as wisely as her knowledge will allow. She suggests rather than fulfils, for she is groping for wisdom and yet that maternal instinct teaches her patience, elasticity, and inexhaustible forbearance, with entire freedom from the rigidity of parental authority and especially from the settled matronliness that renders so many mothers out of sympathy with their sons. As a consequence Guy Aintree practised no concealment upon his mother. However wild he might be in his conduct of life, she knew it all, and she had the wisdom never to be shocked. It is a truth that this critical difference of opinion has the fatal effect of weighing down virtue with chains and rendering goodness wholly inoperative. But as it was, he said of his mother, "She can understand a fellow."

With a sense of exaltation and freedom Denison steals away at night to commune with the mystery of the Sphinx. He is more and more conscious of a duality of mind. He acts according to impulse and then stands in judgment upon his action. He concludes correctly enough that the world would take him to be mad. Out in the desert silence he listens to the distant sounds, and at the howling of the pariah dogs he is startled as if they knew his secret:

"My imagination is my vice, and I hide it so cautiously; yet it creeps through everything I feel and colors all my sensations. A hungering love of mystery in a man of the world, a ravenous desire to be drawn and held at bay at one and the same time, by man, woman, anything—how dare one show it? . . . And so one becomes a cynic, cavilling at everything because one thing must always be repressed. The cursed world in which nobody dare go his own way quite calmly, quite fearlessly, and with no punishment coming upon him! Now I am my real self, and I am afraid because the dogs bark down there in the village."

This self-communion was tinged with madness. This fear was the premonition of the end. The unjust criticism and compulsion of the conventional world doubtless fell upon his sensitive spirit like a lash; its fixed and rigid laws seemed to hold him in bondage, and yet Nature's unerring instinct sought its own freedom in the calm, restful stillness of the desert at midnight, and with that "impassive being, all power, all serene severity, terribly detached, yet near, with a watchfulness that never wearies and a sleeplessness that never droops to slumber." Again the mystery appeals to the imagination and he thinks: "I have spent so many hours with living mysteries that I have at last understood, why should I not spend one alone with a dead mystery that I can never understand, with a soul of stone that I can never fathom? To look upon that great spirit of the sand and the old years take me away to where I want to be."

As he draws near to the deep hollow in which the Sphinx reposes, his pulses are quickening and in his eyes there is a flame that would have caused alarm to any casual observer; yet in this running away from the excitement of life and eagerly seeking out this great mystery of eternity, is there not a higher instinct for self-preservation? Many there are who have struggled to this very point; failing to find the source of Life in the known, they have sought for it in the unknown. Many there are that at such moments of despair have been judged either as fanatics or insane, and this very judgment has taken away the last straw by which they clung to life. Yet, if they could, they would have clutched at anything in that desperate moment when they felt themselves drowning in a sea of doubt.

This stone image of the silent Sphinx stood in Denison's mind as the emblem of Eternity. He failed consciously to perceive Eternity itself. His imagination worked its way back little by little to the image in the mind, and folded upon itself, until at last one fixed thought would soon hold sway supreme. He could perceive that there was something beyond the image; indeed, the stone object seemed to stand in his way. While suggesting the Great Mystery, yet it held him back and itself became an obstacle that must still be overcome.

This close association with the image in the mind points out to the understanding the true relation between the word and the idea. To gain this understanding by experience, however, there is always the danger of taking that fatal step by which the reason eventually gives way; it can best be found by pure perception. At the very point nearest to the light is just the point where the equilibrium is lost unless the mind is correspondingly creative. It is continued abstraction that leads to insanity. But on the very brink of losing the mental equilibrium the artistic sensitiveness is keenest. The hungering of Denison's starved life asserts itself frequently in his meditations:

"That is the terror of all art—of all art that appeals to us vitally. It catches us by the hand and translates us, but to some heaven so vague, so chaotic, that our eyes are filled with tears because we are there, although we would be there—or beyond—always. At private views I have stood before a Burne-Jones picture, in a frock coat and a hat from Scott's, and been snatched away until my throat was full of sobs, yet I felt that I was nowhere, had been nowhere. And so it is with those awful, indefinite regions that music creates for one and peoples with beings whose faintest shadows one can scarcely see. As one listens, the horizons melt away, the perspective enlarges, there seems to be a flood of light, illuminating—nothing. It is as if windows were thrown open to a glad great land. One knows that it is there. One flies to the windows. One leans out, and there is nothing—only, perhaps, a voice as of a wind below, a murmur as of reapers gathering in magical harvests, a stir of the wings of passing birds, an upborne scent as from hidden flowers, nestling in some stream-haunted hollow far away. That is why the eyes of people fill with tears when they gaze upon or listen to what is beautiful or wonderful, and what is not sad. There is always the exquisite sense of an exquisite disappointment upon the heart. I felt it yesterday, and I must feel it again and alone."

"Once he had crushed a violin in his arms, as one might crush a woman, driven by an overmastering desire to tear forth the mysterious voice that breathed out all the essence of all the divinest joys and sorrows of the wayward world," and in this spirit he realized that the Sphinx had laid a spell upon him. Out under the moonlight he gazed into the blurred face until a definite light seemed to flicker into its eyes. "He felt that there was a soul behind them and had been, unguessed by men, through all these ages, a masterful, unreadable soul, profoundly thoughtful, profoundly grave, sternly elevated—a soul that he wanted to worship." It was only when he ceased to struggle that he could even begin to perceive; then "he immersed himself into the tremendous dignity that seemed to sweep the ages together and put them aside as nothing."

"Mrs. Aintree and her son were the lullaby that Denison sang by day near the cradle of his passion." It was with a curious desperation that he plunged himself into their lives. Mrs. Aintree was characterized by "a certain divine restlessness." She was free from all traditional attitudes toward her son. Few mothers know their sons, and the knowledge that they do not is their cross. But it is their own fault for being what is called motherly. "The mother who can be shocked will be deceived by her boys," but Mrs. Aintree was an always interested comrade and companion. "I don't know why it is," she remarked, "but though a woman can be both female and male in mind, a man must be either one or the other. He never combines the two." "Men are fantastically rigid. They think it manly," replied Denison.

In speaking of her son's confidence she said: "I receive it as a human being who does not shrink from anything that is human, even when I find it in my own son. . . . A year ago he was just a natural boy, apparently strong and healthy enough to think little of vice. The absolutely sound body is rather inclined to despise the vicious. It sees their innate weakness." He was "guided much more in ways of virtue by sanity of body than by religious principle." Her supreme motherhood is expressed in these words: "If we cannot die

with the ones we love, at least we can go with them right up to death. . . . *My son shall not be lonely.*"

It is unnecessary to enter further into detail. Henry Denison and Guy Aintree have set the pace for their lives, and under the circumstances the conclusion is inevitable. The howling dervishes of the desert offer a striking contrast to the silence of the Sphinx. Both undermine and destroy their victims. We cannot but feel a sense of regret that Mrs. Aintree, although a remarkably well-balanced character, was not possessed of the key of knowledge by which her willingness and wisdom might have been more effectual upon the lives of these men, over whom she possessed unmistakable influence.

She regrets that there is no proper education both for men and women by which they may know the mysteries of their natures and the consequences of gratifying their desires. In that regret we may find a regenerative principle. Guy Aintree was a victim of the prevailing belief that hereditary disease is inescapable, and he may be considered the more unfortunate of the two. Henry Denison, judged empirically, was degenerate, but transcendentally he was groping amid the conventionalities of false opinion, among the ruins of antiquity, in the silence of the desert, and through the personality of the Sphinx. Before he could yield his personal will to the Will of the Absolute, he was obliged to pass even beyond the portals of death. Yet he was searching for Eternity—and he found it.

FIRE PHILOSOPHY AND "BEING."

BY PROFESSOR C. H. A. BJERREGAARD.

FROM the extracts given in my last paper, the reader will have gained the impression that Heraclitus does not say that Being *is*, but that Being is constantly *becoming*. He does not see stability anywhere, but everywhere a process of transformation, transmutation, or metamorphosis; and he fastens his attention not so much upon the *facts* of the Becoming as upon the *process:* "It disperses and gathers; it comes and goes." The common ground, Being, is fire: "All things are exchanged for fire and fire for all things." The universal motor is war: "War is the father of all things;" "We must know that war is universal and strife right, and that by strife all things arise and are used." In short, "everything is vanity," not only individual things, but the universe as a whole; everything is involved in a perpetual, ceaseless *flow*, and nothing abides. That which abides and deserves the name of Deity is motion, the cosmic process, the Becoming; and its symbol, Heraclitus said, is Fire.

Though this instability of all things may look rational and easy of comprehension to the philosopher, it must appear as an enigma to most people. I will therefore try to throw some light upon the mystery and attempt to show how and where Fire plays a part in our innermost life.

It has been abundantly illustrated in previous articles that mere phenomena cannot be self-existent realities. We must at the very beginning of all philosophical thinking inquire after the principle from which they emanate; we must look for a basis which is uniform and unchangeable—Being. Without such a basis there is no sound thinking. A French philosopher

of our day, F. Perron,* sums up all metaphysics in nine questions. We must ask respecting things: (1) If they are? (2) What they are? (3) How they are? (4) By what? (5) Why? (6) Where? (7) When? (8) How many? (9) In what relations? And these nine questions lead to nine categories, respectively: Existence, Essence, Mode, Causality, End, Space, Time, Number, Relation. We ought by right to apply these nine questions to Heraclitus's conception Fire, but I need not do it in detail.

The answers to the questions will be self-evident if I proceed a little differently. Suppose I ask the Idealist, "What is Fire?" I shall be told that only by going into the world of ideas, as it exists in my mind, shall I get a conception of the truth represented by Fire. Suppose I descend to the inner abyss, what light shall I get on the three facts involved in my vision of Fire—the actual Fire, the image of the Fire, and the mind apprehending the Fire? The answer will be according to the view taken of *idea* and the definition given it. A Fichtian idealist will tell me that, according to his view (Subjective Idealism), the Fire and the image of the Fire are one thing; that I do not see the Fire at all, but only perceive a modification of the mind. The actual and real Fire is not known. All I can know of Fire is through the idea of Fire which exists in my mind. If I turn from this subjectivity to another idealist, and ask the same question of a Schelling idealist, I will, according to his notion (Objective Idealism), learn that the Fire and the mind are two existences, both real and ideal, and that both are manifestations of an objective fact. The truth about Fire does not rise *in* my mind, but comes *to* it. Experience must teach—must awaken the idea in my mind.

What shall I do? Here are two methods, diametrically opposite. According to the one, I must begin from within; according to the other, I must start from without. The dilemma is solved by fleeing both horns, and looking for the truth "in the Middle," in a third New, which shall be not only the point of indifference but also a positive ground

* Essai d'une nouvelle théorie sur les idées fondamentales.

from which the solution may spring. Hegel snows the way. He asserts that subject and object, thought and existence, are absolutely one, and that the only actual reality is that which results from their mutual *Relation*. From their Relation arises the Becoming, the true Reality.

Fire, Fichte would say, is the result of my inward activity. Schelling would contend that both the outward fact of the fire and the inward perception are real—both, however, the manifestation of Being in different stages of development. Hegel would say that neither the outward thing nor the inward perception is true, for neither can exist alone. The only reality is the Relation or Process by which a Third comes into existence through that Relation in which Subject and Object stand to each other. The essence or nature of Being consists in the co-existence of the two opposites. In the "marriage" of opposites, Being comes into existence, and so it is throughout the universe. The whole universe is one of Relations, a movement ever unfolding itself, but never unfolded. As to Fire, the truth is that that which we perceive is only the idea or Relation of that of which the mind and the actual Fire are but two terms of expression. It is the Relation that gives reality to the two, and that is all the reality they have. All phenomena, all existence, result from the self-development of the Absolute Idea. But the Self-developing Absolute Idea of Hegel is the Becoming of Heraclitus.

To express these abstractions in more direct language, I would say: All Nature is Motion, or Will. That which we see around us in Nature is Motion, or Will; and the idea of motion or will in my true self is identical with the reality of the motion or will which I see. Idea and existence are identical. So far reasons Hegel.

Let us now see if we can discover and comprehend Fire under the aspect of Nature in motion, or as will. Let us call the whole movement transmutation of elements and existences. The ancients declared that "all things are convertible into all things,"* being all of a homogeneous nature and based upon

* Aristotle de ortu et interitu, et auscultationes, nat. I.

one common substratum, Primary Matter—Being. They also thought that Substance was devoid of all qualities and forms, though susceptible of all forms and qualities. Of this I have spoken in former papers. But I must add something here, which brings us directly to our subject—Fire. Of Being, Mr. Harris,* in his famous "Philosophical Arrangement," says:

". . . that singular Being, the Primary Matter; a Being which those philosophers who are immersed in sensible objects know not well how to admit, though they cannot well do without it;† a Being which flies the perception of every sense, and which is at best even to the Intellect but a negative object, not otherwise comprehensible than either by analogy or abstraction.

"We gain a glimpse of it by Abstraction when we say that the first Matter is not the lineaments and complexion, which make the beautiful face; nor yet the flesh and blood, which make those lineaments and that complexion; nor yet the liquid and solid aliments, which make that flesh and blood; nor yet the simple bodies of earth and water, which make those various aliments; but Something which, being below all these and supporting them all, is yet different from them all and essential to their existence.

"We obtain a sight of it by analogy when we say that, as is the brass to the statue, the marble to the pillar, the timber to the ship, or any one secondary matter to any one peculiar form—so is the first and original Matter to all forms in general."

Mr. Harris also speaks about Being as Proteus, as I have done before. He says:

"Eustathius holds 'Proteus to be that original Matter which is the Receptacle of Forms; that which, being in actuality no one of these Forms, is yet in capacity all of them—which Proteus (they add) Eidothea his Daughter is elegantly said to discover by leading them forth out of Capacity into Actuality; that is, she is that Principle of Motion which contrives to make him rush into Form and be moved and actuated.'

* The Works of James Harris. By his son, the Earl of Malmsbury. London, 1801. Vol. ii., p. 44.

† "So strange a Being is it, and so little comprehensible to common ideas, that the Greeks had no name for it in their language till ΥΛΗ came to be adopted as the proper word, which was at first only assumed by way of metaphor, from signifying timber or wood, the common materials in many works of art. Hence it was that Ocellus, Timæus, and Plato employed various words, and all of them after the same metaphorical manner, when they would express the nature of this mysterious Being. . . ."—*Harris.*

"Heraclides Ponticus, having adopted the same method of explaining, subjoins that 'hence it was with good reason that the formless Matter was called Proteus, and that Providence, which modified each being with its peculiar Form and Character, was called Eidothea.'

"To these Greeks may be subjoined a respectable countryman of our own. Lord Verulam tells us of Proteus that he had his Herd of Seals, or Sea-calves; that these 'twas his custom every day to tell over, and then to retire into a cavern and repose himself. Of this we read the following explanation: 'that under the Person of Proteus is signified Matter, the ancient of all things, next to the Deity; that the Herd of Proteus was nothing else than the ordinary Species of Animals, Plants, and Metals, into which Matter appears to diffuse, and as it were to consume itself; so that after it has formed and finished those several Species (its task being in a manner complete) it appears to sleep and be at rest, not to labor at, attempt, nor prepare any Species further.'—*De Sapientia Vet.*, c. 13."

The reader should look up "The Odyssey" (Book iv.), and read about Proteus—how he, "the deathless Ancient of the Deep," may be made to obey the human will:

". . . if him Thou canst ensnare
And seize, he will disclose to Thee thy way."

Let the reader also look up Virgil's "Georgics" (iv., 585), where he says:

". . . yet be not over-bold:
The slippery god will try to loose his hold,
And various forms assume, to cheat thy sight,
And with vain images of beasts affright;
* * * * * *
But Thou, the more he varies forms, beware
To strain his fetters with a stricter care,
Till, tiring all his arts, he turns again
To his true shape, in which he first was seen;"

—and compare these verses with Ovid's "Metamorphoses" (Book viii., 1106–1124). He will there learn a valuable lesson about Being, for Proteus is Being under transmutation from form to form. Being acts in some forms much like nature in the garden. Nature is the most willing and obedient servant of the gardener, so long as he compels her to do his will and raise the crop he demands. But let him go away for a fortnight and

he will find, when he returns, what ugly forms she can assume; then he will despair; he is frightened, "the various forms cheat his sight," "the slippery god will try to loose his hold." The Ancients knew this quality of Being so well that they expressed it in proverbs like this, from Horace's "Epistles" (I., 10, 24):

> "Naturam expellas furca, tamen usqve recurret,
> Et mala perrumpet furtim fastidia victrix." *

Cicero spoke thus: "Custom could never get the better of nature, for she always comes off victorious;" and Seneca: "Nature is obstinate; she cannot be overcome; she demands what is her own." The popular mind possesses numerous proverbial sayings in this line; *e.g.:* "What is bred in the bone will never out of the flesh;" "Plant the crabtree where you will, it will never bear pippins;" "The wolf changes his hair, but not his nature;" "The fox may grow gray, but never good." The central thought in all these axioms is that Being is one and unalterable; though Being is the most plastic element we know, and will submit to any form, it always returns to itself. This truth cannot too often be emphasized. All these sayings corroborate Heraclitus's doctrine about the Becoming, and ought to be so many proofs that Being is the One.

"And this is rightly said by Diogenes, that, if all things were not out of *One* thing, it would not be possible for them to act, or to be acted upon by one another: for example, that what is hot should become cold; or, reciprocally, that this should become hot—for it is not the heat nor the coldness that changes one into the other, but that evidently changes which is the *subject* of these affections: whence it follows that in those things, where there is acting and being acted upon, it is necessary there should belong to them some *one* Nature, their *common subject*." †

Now, what is the general purport of all these learned sayings but this—that everything is in motion, ever changeable,

* "You may suppress natural propensities by force, but they will be certain to reappear and in silent triumph break through thy affected disdain."

† Aristotle; De Genes. et Cor., I., 6, 20. Ed. Sylb. The Diogenes here quoted was a contemporary of Anaxagoras, and lived many years before the great cynic of that name.

and that this very changeableness is Being, the very Substance of Things? The peculiarity with this conception is that we get a view of Substance radically different from that which the ordinary mind possesses. Instead of something "on which to stand" we get an ever-flowing stream, and we were told by Heraclitus that we could not possibly step twice into the same stream because the very moment we stepped into it it ceased to be that *same* stream. We were furthermore told by the Hegelian philosopher that the stream was a mere Nothing (no-thing), only a Relation, a Process; everything which sense and mere intellect require as foundation for their realities was taken away.

We are by this reasoning carried into metaphysics, indeed; but is this metaphysics an emptiness, and useless? By no means. I hold that only from this point of view—that of the Becoming, the Process, the Relation—do we get the true view of Being. To me there is no higher symbol or medium by which to enter the Empyrean world than Fire, and only from the Empyrean world can we understand the problem of existence. From there we can comprehend what the "Great Breath" is, and from there we see ourselves as "trailing clouds of glory," and understand that "generation" is the fall. Knowing all these things, we readily can construct the true doctrine of life, find the right medicine for soul and body, and enter upon an *at-one-ment* which brings us into the bosom of the Great All.

The real difficulty that most people will have in their studies to comprehend Fire lies in their inability to see that Spirit and Matter are not separated by any real barrier. Dead matter is unthinkable and unreasonable. Spirit informs all matter. Spirit and matter, subject and object, are but the two lines of an arc—concave from one side, convex from the other. The arc is Being. Fire as a form of Being is true to this law. Fire from one point of view is the well-known phenomenon; from inside, however, Fire has all the characteristics of Spirit. We come by easy steps from the one to the other, and any and all characteristics of the one apply also to the other. The reader

will now understand that which was said above about transmutation, the One and the Many, Proteus, etc.

The ancients and our forefathers thought fire to be an imponderable substance, existing throughout the universe in the form of caloric. Caloric was an imponderable "fluid" which produced heat. Caloric was also used synonymously with heat, and is still so employed. Fire, Water, Earth, and Air—the four elements of the Ionic school—were simple though not ultimate substances, for they were merely modifications of one unformed principle, the First Matter, as they called it, from which they considered that all bodies in the universe are constructed. The four were transmutable into one.

A Substance means simply a substratum, not Essence. The term may be derived from *substans* (*id qvod substat*), that which underlies, or from *subsistens* (*ens per se subsistens*), that which subsists of or by itself. In either case we have only a verbal, no real definition. The definition does not reveal the character of substance. The same is the case with Fire. Fire is simply Substance—Substance, however, under the new view as given above. Fire is the popular term for what science calls combustion, but combustion cannot be defined any further than by saying that it is a chemical combination which evolves heat and light. And a chemical combination is only another term for Process. To say that Fire is a Burning brings us no further, for what is a burning but a continuous combination of a substance with certain elements. Curious as it may seem in the eye of science, Fire must be considered a distinct, imponderable substance, an element, as it was considered until comparatively recent times. Fire must remain a substance in our philosophical and metaphysical terminology. Even fire, as popularly known, is not combustion in the sense that it destroys or consumes. It transmutes. Both force and energy remain. Fire, heat, and light are but transmutations of the same Being, and by means of the process of their transmutations the New is born: Nature arises. Nature (from *nascor*, "to be born") is that which is born, which springs up, which proceeds from, which begins, which arises

from and out of Being. Truly, then, as Heraclitus said, "all things are exchanged for Fire, and Fire for all things." This world is an "ever-living Fire;" "by strife all things arise," viz., by transmutation.

Everything is passing, and Fire is the magic wand that touches Nature. She converts Fire into heat and moisture; and she finally burns away in the same flame which called her forth.

"A hidden fire* burns perpetually upon the hearth of the world. Scientific men call it by the hard name of *eremacausis*,† which means quiet (or slow) burning. We see its effects in the fading of leaves, in the rusting of iron, in the mantling of the rosy blush upon the cheek of youth. Every tree is a burning bush. In a glory of blossoms vegetation, in spring, flowers from its embers. The lips of the crimson-tipped daisies are touched with a live coal from off the great altar of nature. We speak of the lamp of life as a mere poetic expression, but it is scientifically true; our bodies are burning away as on a funeral pyre, and every breath we exhale is the smoke of the fire that consumes us."

But this is not merely poetry: it is fact, scientific fact. That combustion is not consumption, but transmutation, seems to solve the sun problem. If we get all our heat and light from the sun, will that orb not come to an end, will it not burn out? No, the sun will not be consumed; the heat and light it throws off return again and become new material for combustion.

In 1882 C. W. Siemens read a paper before the Royal Society on "The Conservation of Solar Energy." It was published the next year, together with all the objections that had been made and Siemens's answers. The main opposition to Siemens was that he did away with the theory of an ether in stellar space. Siemens supposes—and his experiments and spectrum analysis corroborate him—that stellar space is filled with highly rarefied gaseous matter, including probably hydrogen, oxygen, nitrogen, and carbon, and their compounds, be-

* Hugh MacMillan: Two Worlds are Ours; The Autumn Fire.

† Defined by the Standard Dictionary thus: "The process of gradual decay by oxidation in animal or vegetable matter when in contact with air and moisture." Erema (Greek), slowly; Kausis (Greek), burning.—B.

sides solid material in the form of dust. The attraction of the sun causes a constant inflow of this cosmic matter and it ignites, developing heat, which on account of the sun's rotation is projected and thrown off at the sun's equator. The Inflow is at the poles, the Outflow at the equator; and thus the heat is undiminished. The sun's heat and light are thus products of combustion, not consumption. *Transmutation of substance* solves the sun problem, and vindicates the statements made, in this paper and elsewhere, that Being is the Becoming, as Heraclitus said—merely a Process, a Relation, as Hegel asserted.

In the moments of transition that appear in the Process, we get glimpses of the Eternal, Being. What do we see? I see the *Centrum Naturæ* of Jacob Boehme:

> "The first thing in nature—that original variance and conflict between opposing forces with which life begins and which cannot lead it further than 'anguish,' a tension, vibration, a gyration of the forces, which is designated now as an apprehensive darkness, now as a fire which is not yet kindled but smoulders in the depths. . . . "*

This *Centrum Naturæ* is the ΥΛΗ of the Greeks, the unorganized chaos, primitive Being, symbolized in the external world by combustion, mythologically by the Norse Muspelheim, and in ourselves by that wild, ungovernable desire which we all fight. I see the *Centrum Naturæ* of Jacob Boehme as the "Wheel of Nature," the "Wheel of Life," or, as the apostle Jacob calls it, the "Wheel of Birth," or, as Heraclitus would say, the "Wheel of the Becoming," the ever and ceaselessly rotating course of Beginning and End, Life and Death, the blending of Spirit and Matter, Subject and Object; the evolution of love and its correlatives of heat and light. All generation is by fire, by a "lightning flash," a *Blitz*, as Boehme called it. The symbol of this process is familiar to everybody. Strike a flint, and a light (a spark) appears—and disappears. Where did it come from? Where did it go? From and to the world of fire, the Empyrean! I see that—

* "Jacob Boehme: His Life and Teaching" (H. L. Martensen), page 77.

"An *active* principle subsists
In all things, in all natures, in the stars
Of azure heaven, the unenduring clouds,
In flower and tree, in every pebbly stone
That paves the brooks, the stationary rocks,
The moving waters, and the invisible air.
* * * * * * * *
From link to link
It circulates, the soul of all the world."

In the world of personality we call that active principle *God*, *Gods*, and *Vital Force*. These terms are but personal forms of Fire, and through Fire they personate Being.

The greatest and happiest guess which man ever made as to the nature of Being was the Parsee personifications *Mitra* and *Mithras*, respectively the feminine and masculine emanations of Zeruane Akerene. The former is the mundane body, inclosing in her ample womb the fires of creation; the latter is light. Mitra is supposed to be derived from *mihr* or *mihir*, love; Mithra, her consort, is the "Shining One," and derives his lustre from her. Here fire is directly connected with and derived from love. The intuitional guess is correct. Who does not know the connection between Love—Passion—Desire—Fire? Do they not transmute into one another, and are they not degrees of one another?

Scholars now tend to the theory—and for good reasons—that the Aryans arose in northern Europe. We have therefore in the Norse mythology probably remnants of the most ancient belief. The Norse gods are called Aesir, Asas, gods of fire and light. Surely this is a remnant from the earliest Sabaism, or worship of the heavenly bodies as types of Being. Godfrey Higgins,* speaking of the fundamental ideas of the Celtic Druids and their gods, Aesir, says:

"Aesar is called God, or 'fire intelligent,' Dia or Logh. Vallencey says that the word *Logh* means 'spiritual flame' and identifies itself with the *Logos* of the Greeks. In a vast number of languages the word *Logh*, standing for the same idea relating to fire, is to be found."

* The Celtic Druids, p. 168.

He also connects Aesar with Aeswar, or Isvara, and, quoting the "Gita," he continues:

"Aeswar resides in every mortal being and puts in movement, by his supernatural powers, all things which mount on the wheel of time. Aeswar is considered as the first mover, a signification well enough agreeing with the attribute of the Irish Aesar. And the name of Isa, or Iswara, signifies Lord, or Master, and also the creative power."

How interesting is this! The Celtic *Logh*, "fire intelligent," is identified with Logos and Iswara. Logos—which is the operative Divine, Reason, Creative Power of Mind, and Savior—and Iswara, who is the Vedantic creator, are here represented in their connection with Fire. What a field for study! What a help to worship! But who are they of to-day that look to Fire as their savior, their Logos? Where in the civilized world—excepting a few Parsees at Bombay—do we find a fire-worshipper? Truly wrote Mr. Helps, years ago, in his "Spanish Conquest of America:"

"Our northern natures can hardly comprehend how the sun and the moon and the stars were imaged in the heart of a Peruvian, and dwelt there; how the changes in these luminaries were combined with all his feelings and his fortunes; how the dawn was hope to him; how the fierce midday brightness was power to him; how the declining sun was death to him; and how the new morning was a resurrection to him; nay, more, how the sun and the moon and the stars were his personal friends, as well as his deities; how he held communion with them and thought that they regarded his every act and word; how, in his solitude, he fondly imagined that they sympathized with him; and how with outstretched arms he appealed to them against their own unkindness, or against the injustice of his fellow-men."

Worshippers of to-day will call their God a God of light, and they will pray for light and an outpouring of the Holy Ghost. In their blindness they do not see that Nature's revelations are interblended, and so dependent upon one another that no single one can be taken separately. Fire, light, and heat are but Protean forms and cannot be separated. Any attempt upon separation must bring disaster. Fire is the Father-Mother; Light is the Brother-Sister; Heat is the Spirit-

Motion: "three in one, one in three"—of Being: "the Great Breath."

The active principle in the world of personality is also manifest as "vital force." I am well aware that the modern world has declared against *vital force*. It is not surprising, either, for it is getting further and further away from the organic pole. I say advisedly "has declared against *vital force*," for, after all, the attempt to get away from it is futile. Tyndall said:*

> "This is the peculiarity of modern conclusions—that there is no creative energy whatever in the vegetable or animal organism, but that all the power which we obtain from the muscles of man and animals, as much as that which we develop by the combustion of wood or coal, has been produced at the sun's expense."

There are two points here which I oppose. That there is a creative energy which works intelligently in the vegetable and animal organism, but which Tyndall denies, is proved by Nature's power to repair injuries. An injury to an organ is always repaired, as far as is possible, according to the original plan, or "schema," of that organ—never according to some other plan. The other point in Tyndall's denials is that all creative energy comes from the sun. Of course vegetable and animal energy is from the sun—from fire, heat, and light. Let any one try to raise life without the sun, and the impossibility is soon discovered. In his desire to get away from vital force, and substitute something else more in harmony with his "inorganic" ideas, Tyndall proves what he desires to disprove.

With or without the permission of the English savant, I will still use *vital force* as a personification in the organic world of Fire or Universal Energy. I employ it as a term for that volume of force by which all vegetable and animal (human) organism is built up, and also for another form of fire: will—that conscious and volitional force which subjects the lower to the higher, which acts as the manifestation through which Being attains self-consciousness in man. That passionate heat, or desire,

* Fragments of Science. Vol. ii.: "Vitality."

which as *blind* will controls every atom of our bodies, must be controlled by *conscious* will and thus raised to a higher sphere. If not thus raised it becomes a hindrance to health and the Inner Life, or true existence. But if the will of Fire controls itself, it becomes our most valuable motor. True wisdom of life consists in learning the lesson about Fire, the internal and the external. Fire is both a "savor of life and of death." Alexander Humboldt tells a beautiful story in his "Views of Nature,"* entitled "Vital Force, or The Rhodian Genius," in substance as follows:

"In the Poecile of Syracuse there was a wonderful painting. In the foreground of the picture there was a numerous group of youths and maidens, whose uncovered limbs, though well formed, were not cast in that slender mould which we so much admire in the statues of Praxiteles and Alcamenes. The fuller development of their limbs, which indicated passion and care, seemed to divest them of a heavenly character and fix them as creatures of the earth. Their arms were extended toward each other with impassioned longing, and their hair was adorned with leaves and wild flowers. Their gaze was earnest and mournful and riveted on a Genius, who hovered in the midst of the group. This Genius held aloft a flaming torch in his right hand; on his shoulder was a butterfly. His limbs were graceful and his eyes brilliant with celestial light. He looked imperiously on the young people before him. The picture was called 'The Rhodian Genius,' on the supposition that a Rhodian artist had painted it. Many were the interpretations given to the painting, but all were unsatisfactory for one reason or another. Then came another painting from Rhodes, and all recognized it as a companion to 'The Rhodian Genius' and as containing the true interpretation.

"This new painting resembled the former in the general arrangement of figures, colors, size, etc. But the Genius had no more a butterfly on the shoulder; his head was drooping, his torch extinguished and reversed. The group of youths and maidens thronged simultaneously around him in mutual embrace; their looks were no longer submissive and sad, but clearly revealed a wild emancipation from restraint and gratification of deep passions."

The Pythagorean philosopher Epicharmus explained the two paintings thus:

"For sixty years I have pondered the internal springs of nature and the differences inherent in matter, but 'The Rhodian Genius' has taught me

* Ansichten der Natur, p. 306.

clearly what I only conjectured. Not only are all living beings bound together by sex differences, but crude matters of inorganic nature are moved by like instincts. In the darkness of chaos, even, matter was accumulated or separated according to affinity or antagonism. Everything in inanimate nature hastens to associate itself with its like. No earthly element—and who will dare to class light as such?—can be found in a pure and virgin state. Everything, as soon as formed, hastens to enter into new combinations; and nothing, excepting man's disjoining art, can present in a separate state ingredients which you search for in the earth, or in the air, or in the water. In dead, inorganic matter absolute repose prevails so long as the bonds of affinity are not severed, so long as no third substance intrudes to blend itself with either; but even after this disturbance unfruitful repose soon again succeeds. But the blending of the same substances in animal and vegetable bodies is different. Here Vital Force imperatively asserts its rights, and, unmindful of the affinity or antagonism of the atoms, as asserted by Democritus, unites substances which in inanimate nature flee from each other and separates those which are incessantly striving to unite. 'The Rhodian Genius' represents the Vital Force as it animates every germ of organic creation. The earthly elements at his feet are striving to gratify their own desires and to mingle substance with substance. But the Genius with uplifted torch imperiously threatens them and compels them to obey him and his will. On the second painting we see the butterfly has soared upward, the torch is extinguished and reversed, the head drooping. The Spirit has fled; the Vital Force is extinct. Earthy matter has therefore resumed its rights. The bonds have been removed and the sexual instinct has control. His death is their nuptials."

The reader will now understand what I said about controlling the fire of the body. It is a magnificent motive power, but no guide to Universal Life, for it seeks its own, when not controlled. Some years ago an English woman wrote in one of the English magazines a most passionate plea for the fire in her veins. She hated to be called "good," she said, for that was "passion's funeral." She thought it best to give one's nature "its fling," and let it make a walk for itself, good or bad, as its strength went. What a fool! What is left after a prairie fire? She was like an acquaintance of mine who desired to be reincarnated again and again, for she could not get enough of life's desire and the satisfaction of desire. Tanha controlled her entirely. Unsatiated longing devoured her like the Greek Fire. She wanted to give herself up to "the

whirlwind that might overtake her in a dozen forms, and then, if need be, pay the price without flinching and without tears." She was another Margaret, La Vallerie, Nana, whose inner fire made "life keen living and love a desperate joy." In that article I read of nothing but excitement, raciness, indulgence, enjoyment; the woman was boiling over; she was outdoing Byron, Swinburne, Walt Whitman, Zola, and their like. *License, fire*—these were the key-words to all her ebullitions.

May we not learn a lesson from her? The truth of her passion was a *receptivity* of the highest order, and her ravings for a "fling" were a misdirected *activity*. Being given the proper sphere of work and environment, she would have astounded the world and brought heaven down. The truth of that intensity of hers which called the whirlwind to try strength with her was *entheasm*, and that as little as receptivity and activity found true revelation. All three were counterfeits. The fire burned her soul and blinded her spirit. If her wild passion had become the obedient tool, her entheastic condition would have revealed Being as perhaps never before. The truth of her desire for variety was true freedom, but that, like all the rest of nobility and divinity of spirit, was perverted into what the world would call license. Is it not clear that only by losing we may win? Only by dying we live. It is a part of the lot of man, that the fires which purify should also consume him. We must hold the torch high like the "Rhodian Genius," and the atoms and primitive forces must obey.

The ancients recognized four temperaments, and these as the roots of our passions—the forces which genius must organize: (1) sanguinic, corresponding to air; (2) phlegmatic, corresponding to earth; (3) choleric, answering to fire; and (4) melancholic, which finds its parallel in water. Taking these four when organized as the One, and the One expressed in Character, as I have defined it in a former paper, I would group them thus: The choleric temperament, that of fire, is power, impetuous; the phlegmatic, that of earth, is purity, seeking the one thing. These two depend mutually upon each other; they condition each other. The sanguinic tempera-

ment, that of air, is richness, fulness; the melancholic, that of water, is harmony, rhythm. These two condition each other, and together they balance the two former as they in turn are balanced. For argument's sake, I would say that the choleric, the fiery temperament, that of power, is "the first," the others "the last." In Nature there is no first nor last. In the "strife" between the two we discover the Becoming, the Relation, the Process. In the Becoming we live. So long as the Vital Force was present and sustained the Relation, the elementary beings of the picture served the higher purpose; when it disappeared they sought their own ends. It is the story of the gardener as I spoke of it above. So long as the Vital Force keeps the four temperaments or elements under organized order, we are in health; but let one of them get the upper hand and a radical disturbance ensues. A study of Fire with regard to temperament seems to me a necessity for all healers. A study of Fire as a Process that reveals Being is imperative for the new metaphysician. Metaphysics is now no more empty babble, but a Philosophy of Life.

MENTAL ATTENTION.

BY HORATIO W. DRESSER.

In the last analysis nothing is more certain in human life than the fact of consciousness. Whatever additional factors may enter into a given experience, it is clear that fundamentally every experience is a state of thought or feeling; for although an objective Reality is its ultimate cause, experience becomes knowable to us when it has been translated subjectively into terms of consciousness.

Out of the mass of impressions which make up our conscious life, man is constantly choosing some line of thought or feeling to which he devotes his attention. From the very dawn of consciousness to the latest and sublimest product of finite intelligence, some specific mental impulse dominates the activities of the being, thus making human experience as a whole and in its parts fundamentally a life of mind. The helpless infant reaching for the moon and the laborer working upon the soil, as well as the youth longing for wealth and position or the seer rapt in contemplation of the beautiful, each exemplifies the same universal fact, namely, that man is not only conscious, but that some definite direction of mind permanently or temporarily controls his life. The command which directs the whole physical conduct, habitually or for a time, issues from the subjective world with the choice of some idea selected in preference to all others.

Man is a conscious being with a purpose, and all the experiences of his life are expressed in terms of the attitudes of mind to which he is in turn devoted. Knowingly, or unconsciously and impulsively, he is ever absorbed by some passion, some business scheme, by a hobby, a fad, a craze, or by the particular system of opinions, fears, beliefs, and hopes into which he has been born and educated, and which in one form or another is imposed upon him by the church, the organization, or society to which he belongs. Long before he is intelligent enough to

guide and control his own thought-directions, friends come forward to shape them for him; and the mental influences to which every one is subjected tend to keep up this subtle activity throughout his lifetime.

The effect of an habitual direction of mind is particularly noticeable in the phenomena of prejudice and all that characterizes rut-bound thinking. So long as people are satisfied with their belief it is practically impossible to interest them in the novelties of thought, and they are as blind to the very truths of which they are most in need as though they wore glasses which permitted them to see certain objects to the exclusion of all others. All who have had the care of chronic invalids know that this is especially true in regard to the sick, for not until the advent of a shock, an alarm of fire, or something which compels an immediate and permanent change of thought, can the consciousness be stirred into new channels. Many sudden cures are due primarily to just such a complete change of mind.

Again, the results brought about by hypnotism, by the affirmations and denials of mental treatment, and in fact by any mode of cure or any system of education, of moral and religious persuasion, are the effects of some re-directing of the will or attention, and finally of the entire conscious life. The effect is wrought when the person, either consciously or otherwise, *comes to believe* in the new idea or suggestion. It matters not whether a given remedy have any real efficacy, or a system of thought any valid basis in reason, if the person *believes* in it a change of mind fundamental in its effect is sure to result. We are thus influenced wherever and whenever we believe, and with the reversal of opinion comes a new direction of mind, painting the world without and within according to its particular shade or color.

The point to notice, when studying life in terms of the directions of mind, is that everything depends upon the ideas and influences which have the power to draw thoughts of a like nature and develop a habit of conscious mental direction. If gloomy and morbid fancies flit into consciousness, there to receive recognition and encouragement, they will grow in power

and effect on our mental and physical life in proportion as we admit them, until finally they become focused as a direction of mind. But if, *at the very beginning*, we turn away from thoughts of fear, anger, jealousy, ill-will, and all that is morbid and discouraging, such thoughts will pass by powerless and disappear from consciousness from mere lack of attention.

Consciousness is like a swift-flowing river, conveying past the shores of thought an endless flood of impressions from a distant world. Sometimes we seem fated to believe and to feel just what that never-ceasing stream brings in upon us. We are almost at the mercy of fleeting bubbles and compelling waves of thought. But just as the shores give shape to a river and turn it now here, now there, so the stream of consciousness is moulded in its course by all the configurations of the mental world, by temperament, heredity, education, and vocation in life. The stream is just as broad and deep as we are comprehensive in our thinking. If we wish to modify our physical, or moral, or spiritual life in any of its aspects, or rid ourselves of disease, we must purify the stream of life at its source. We must give it new impetus by turning it into pleasanter and healthier channels. We must undertake the serious business of transforming character and thereby strike at the root of all that is inharmonious in what life may bring.

Such a course of mental and physical regeneration is sure to bring good results because it is an evolution. It begins at the fountain-head, in the first little rills of a healthier stream of thought. It grows and adds to itself by every noble impulse, by every word of encouragement and hope, and when one has really given thought a new impetus one can safely trust the forces of nature to carry it onward to the realm of actual accomplishment.

Control and uplift life from within! This is the self-taught advice of all who discover that we lead a life of mind. The direction of thought may not be all; but it is surely a guiding factor. And there is no better means of effective self-help and self-mastery than through patient and persistent directing of attention toward the chosen ideal.

THE VOICES OF NATURE.

BY AMANDA LOUISE CADY.

"The East with splendor breaks;
Night's shadows disappear;
The whole world gladly wakes,
For morn is here."

THE sun, the monarch of the day, is slowly rising from his golden couch and tinting with a warm rich glow the waves of blue which lie calm, tranquil, and serenely beautiful, under the mellow sky of a clear October morning. The slanting beams of light that quiver like arrows of gold from behind the rose and violet-tinted clouds, as if alive with electric sparks, touch the myriad drops of spray which shimmer and reflect each point of light, from the rich and jewelled crown that encircles the golden disk like flaming rubies.

A stately ship, with silver prow and full sails set, speeds majestically across the broad expanse of water; the idle boats of the fishermen are lying anchored along the sandy shore, their gayly painted keels in the misty distance resembling gorgeously hued flowers rising out of the sea; the gulls are skimming over the surface, their gray-white wings now and then dipping into the white foam of the waves, which gleam in a long unbroken line of silver along the pebbly beach. Over the sloping shelves of red-brown and sombre rock the waves of the ever-flowing tide dash and break in a superb mass of flying spray. In the presence of all this sublimity of sea and sky, "the messages of the flowers and the secrets of the leaves are wafted upon the sea-scented breeze."

Oh, Sea, what melody lies in thy ceaseless ebb and flow! Like a loving mother crooning her sweet low lullaby to her sleeping babe—the soft and tender notes now rising above those of the autumn wind, then again dying out in low plaintive sighs of love and tenderness. Nature's gentle spirit is abroad on the wings of the morning, on the tremulous waves

of the wind and sea, and her silent footsteps touch the earth with pulsing and throbbing life.

> " I lean my heart against the day,
> To feel its bland caressing;
> I will not let it pass away
> Before it leaves its blessing."

In the distance lies the sleeping city—its busy marts and streets silent and deserted; but—

> " Though priests are mute, and temples still,"

Nature's own temple, under the arching sky, throws wide her portals.

My spirit seeks holy communion with the Infinite Spirit, and I shall find Him in silence and alone. Alone? Ah, no; not alone—for the winds have voices and the waves are singing to me. The heart that is attuned to catch the vibrant notes and " gentle undertones " of Nature's melodies must find in its own spirit a responsive note and tremble and throb with ecstasy and joy. Each tone of her varied music that falls upon the listening ear sinks with sadness when her minor strains tremble in the soft plaintive moan of the murmuring wind.

Even the fleecy clouds have voices, and their wondrous pictures unfold like a passing scroll. The winds, the clouds, the sea—

> " All are but parts of one stupendous whole,
> Whose body nature is, and God the Soul."

The music of the spheres,

> " Of rounded worlds, of space and time,
> Aloft, abroad the pæan swells.
> O, wise man, hearest thou half it tells? "

Canst thou catch its mystic meaning and silent language, and feel nature's life-pulses throbbing with thine own? Canst thou interpret her language of love and harmony—its beauty, its glory, its sublimity and power?

How like our lives are those passing clouds, blown " thither and yon " by the fickle winds of destiny—every shifting, varying shape and tint, now sailing swift, bright, and rosy-hued

across a golden sunlit sky, then anon hanging low, dark, and sullen, without a rift in their inky blackness to show us a glimpse of the silver lining and the light of the spiritual Sun that lies behind this sombre veil! If our hearts are sad and weary, and disappointments and sorrows lie heavy upon our troubled breasts, we may flee to the peaceful and holy temple of nature's God. There we shall find rest and hope. In the silent messages of love and light and peace she whispers to our sad hearts, for "no tears dim the sweet look that nature wears."

Oh, the glory and the grandeur of God's marvellous works! The infinite wisdom and order of his eternal laws! How dull the senses, how dead to all its pulsating life and wondrous beauty, must be the soul of him whose heart-beats are not quickened in the midst of all the grandeur of his stupendous creation! How dull is he whose spirit cannot sense the meaning of nature's silent language that—

> "Finds tongues in trees, books in running brooks,
> Sermons in stones, and good in everything!"

What human artist hand can paint the manifold and wondrous tints that nature unfolds before man's enraptured gaze? The crimson, the gold, the violet, the blue, the emerald, the rose—all so marvellously and softly blend in delicate shades of exquisite and matchless color. Nature is the work of the Divine Artist, in whose exhaustless laboratory are evolved the unrivalled hues whose varying tints are as countless as the grains of sand along the ocean's circling crest.

"Where thy splendor shineth, there, O God, thou art!" The sky, the sea, the flowers, the trees—all proclaim the glory and beauty of Thy wondrous touch and skill. To him whose soul responds is every leaf, every blade of grass,

> "And every common bush afire with God;
> Only he who *sees* takes off his shoes."

Only he whose heart *feels* and throbs in deep unison with the great Soul of the Universe bows his head and lifts his heart in silent gratitude and reverence. Nature is the temple of Him "who maketh the clouds his chariot; who walketh upon the wings of the wind."

DEPARTMENT OF

PSYCHIC EXPERIENCES.

[It is our purpose in this Department to give a medium of expression for the many experiences of a psychical nature that are more frequent in every individual life than is commonly supposed. We shall also give any scientific conclusions that may be deduced therefrom. Such experiences are usually given so little recognition as to check the development of a naturally occult mentality ; or when recognized, they are too often converted to the use of cults that are fanatical perversions of the subjective spirituality. On the principle that *all spirit is one*, we may gain a higher comprehension of this question with the understanding of spirit in the abstract rather than spirits personified. In giving these phases of mind the recognition which is their due, the habit may be established by which they will tend to repeat themselves and indefinitely increase. We hope to secure perfect accuracy in these statements, by which alone it is possible to preserve their scientific value. A general outline of psychic experiences may be given provisionally as follows :

(1) Thought-transference, or telepathy—the action of one mind upon another independently of the recognized channels of sense ; the nature and extent of this action. (2) Hypnotism, or mesmerism ; nature and characteristics of the hypnotic trance in its various phases—including auto-hypnotism, clairvoyance, hypnotism at a distance, and multiplex personality. (3) Hallucinations, premonitions, and apparitions. (4) Independent clairvoyance and clairaudience ; psychometry ; automatic speaking, writing, etc. ; the mediumistic trance, and its relations to ordinary hypnotic states. (5) The relations of these groups of phenomena to one another ; the connection between psychics and physics ; the bearing of psychic science upon human personality, and especially upon the question of a future life.

The human mind in all stages of development, whether by inherent quality or by cultivation, frequently presents a purely psychic nature which, like a mirror, reflects the impressions that are made upon it. This quality is often attributed to imagination. It is consequently judged by common opinion to be elusive and unreal, the mere reflection of suggestions from the material world ; and simultaneous thought is commonly supposed to be "coincidence," rather than a revelation of the finer activities of man's nature. We think that by encouragement in the right direction these faculties will develop the character toward a consciousness of the divine spirit, by which it will be realized that the order has been reversed. The material world will then appear as that which is unreal and misleading, and itself the shadow of the higher spirituality.]

THE PSYCHIC CLUB.

BY G. S. HOWARD, A.M., M.D.

(*First Paper.*)

There were fourteen of us, all members of the graduating class from "Old Trinity" of the spring before, and we met according to an agreement then made that when we came back from our summer vacation we would come together in the rooms of our friend Tom Harding. There we would compare notes and organize a club among ourselves for the purpose of reducing our personal experiences into a system for the future benefit of all.

This suggestion had been given us by our principal in his address of benediction to the graduating students. On that June evening, when we had ceased to be boys and entered our new life as men, we vainly fancied that we were the embodiment of all knowledge both ancient and modern, and fully equipped for the stern battle of life. But we continued to call ourselves "the boys." The professor, whom we greatly admired, had said:

"Young gentlemen, you are about to go forth from this sanctuary of learning, where it has been our pleasant experience to meet you morning after morning during the term of the past four years, and you must not consider me effeminate when I confess to a feeling of regret while I stand here before you to-night for the last official duty as your president. After having performed every function, so far as we have been able, in our relation as teacher and pupils, I stand here to bid you a last God-speed in the name of your *Alma Mater*.

"You will pardon your old friend and instructor one further suggestion, which I believe will be a benefit to you in after years. It is this: Do not let yourselves drift too far apart. You have for the past four years been learning side by side the wisdom of books. Inasmuch as you may find it practical, I hope you will continue to learn together the much more difficult lessons of life, aiding each other by comparisons and suggestions. What one lacks the other may supply, and thus co-operating you may grow wise and strong. It may not be possible for many of you to hold very close personal relations in the future; but I would sug-

gest that you try to continue in the larger world to be mutual aids, and preserve the social circles which you have found so advantageous in your college life."

Well, you know how boys are. We all felt very tender just then, and the idea appealed to our sentiment when Tom Harding said : "Fellows, I like that idea. Meet me in my rooms on the night of October first, and we will concoct some kind of a scheme for the future. What say you all ?"

At least a dozen voices joined in the chorus : "Whatever you say, we all say."

Thus it happened that on the appointed night we gathered to the number of fourteen—those who were proposing to make the city their home—and we were determined upon keeping up in a measure the good-fellowship of our college days.

We were glad to meet again in the comfortable quarters of that jolly bachelor, who was best known among us as "Old Mortality." Why he of all others should have been given this nick-name, might puzzle any of us to tell ; but in time we came to respect his genius and to admire the mental gifts that he enjoyed to such a pre-eminent degree.

Harding, with his usual hospitality, had provided for our pleasure such little considerations as cigars, pipes, and tobacco ; but what struck us as a trifle odd was the entire absence of liquid refreshment, which always used to form an important item in our college reunions. Young Graham, who was apt to speak out any thought which he found running loose in his brain, called attention to the omission by remarking that, while there was every preparation for a fire, there didn't seem any provision for the antidote.

"That time you hit the mark for a fact, Graham," Harding replied, his manner indicating a desire to settle the question once for all. The subject was not exactly a new one, for one of our party, young Grant, the son of an ex-hotel-keeper, was an ardent temperance advocate, and the wine at our suppers had always been repugnant to him. We never knew just why he protested so strenuously against the use of all intoxicants, for he was a medical student, and it is an accepted saying that "doctors and lawyers, as a class, drink more whiskey than any other set of men." How true this is I do not venture to say ; but those of my acquaintance would not go far to disprove it.

Tom Harding had always before this provided wine whenever he had given the boys a little "spread," and in fact was inclined to use it a little over-freely, I thought; so to shut right down on it in this out-spoken fashion took us somewhat by surprise, and each fellow pricked up his ears to hear what was to follow.

Graham, who was ever quick at retort, asked: "Why, Tom, you haven't had 'em, have you?"

"No; but I have seen a fellow who did, and it has shown me quite enough to satisfy my appetite for whiskey for the rest of my natural life. I have determined that in the future I will have nothing to do with the stuff in any form. I am done with it."

"You will, of course, use it in your practice?" said Harry Thompson, another M.D. He spoke in a tone of half inquiry, half assertion.

"Not if I know it, Harry," was Tom's quiet rejoinder.

"Well, I don't see how you are going to get along without it, but the Lord knows I would as soon order a full dose of hydrocyanic acid as prescribe whiskey in most cases. The fact is, both are alike fatal; it is only a question of time. Do you know, Tom, I am often sorry I took to medicine at all; there are so many questions one has often to decide on the spur of the moment which we cannot decide for ourselves satisfactorily during a whole lifetime. Although I stand merely on the threshold, and faintly knock for admission to that arena where giants struggle with giants, it makes me think of Scott's description of the duel at Coilantogle Ford:

> "'Then with front and foot and eye opposed
> In dubious strife they darkly closed.'

"The physician ought to have as much courage as the warrior, be as quick of eye as the eagle, and have as little feeling of sympathy or fear as a mummied Pharaoh, before he enters upon the struggles of the sick man's chamber."

"Oh, I say, Harry!" called Dr. Reade, "it seems to me you have lost the point of all your lectures on the practice of our marvellous art. You know the two divisions—Theory and Practice of Medicine. Now I don't bother myself with theories; I stick to the practice on the expectant plan."

"What do you mean by the expectant plan?"

"Well, I mean that when the patient sends for his doctor he

expects to get well, and he generally does if the doctor knows enough about his business to let him do it his own way without undue interference. Now, I encourage this expectation, cheer him up a bit, give him something that will make him feel better for a little while, and in a day or so he is all right again. Nine times out of ten the doctor can't tell at the first visit what's the matter any more than the man in the moon ; so I expect to find out later. The patient imagines I know already. This I call the genuine expectant plan of treatment, and it works first-rate with me. But this is not the sort of thing I expected when I started to come here to-night. What are we going to do, anyhow ?"

Then Harding said : "Well, you know the first idea was given us by the professor, and, as I understand him, we were to keep up our friendly and social relations in the shape of a club of some kind, and we agreed to meet here to-night and tell our experiences —a sort of experience meeting, don't you know—and for my part I have *had* an experience."

"So have I," said Gordon. Bob Gordon, as we familiarly called him (but more often plain Bob), was a tall, broad-shouldered, manly, athletic fellow, always at something, either for good or bad, but far more often for the good ; he was active, fearless, and full of sympathy. It was quite to be expected he should have had an experience, especially as he was withal somewhat of a ladies' man, and we very naturally looked for an account of some romantic adventure.

"Out with it, Bob ! Tell us all about her. I suppose she was perfect—eyes like stars ; lips like coral ; throat of a Juno ; hands soft, white, and slender ; feet like those of the huntress fair, arched and fleet as the gazelle ? Do I know her ?"

We all laughed, for it seemed so exactly like one of Bob's own flights when he was himself the victim. But Gordon did not join us ; he looked sober, even sad, and considerably perplexed. The expression, no matter what its cause, soon passed away.

"Oh, you fellows may laugh at me as much as you like. I have had my experience, but it is not such as you imagine ; nor do I propose to tell it for the present—not because I wish to keep it a secret, but it might be called unfinished business ; that is to say, I am not yet satisfied with my own investigations, observations, tests, or provings (call them what you like); and I think it better to follow

the thing out alone. Too many cooks spoil the broth, you know. Now, I'll tell you, boys, let's get our club well organized. I am not ready to report progress at the present session."

"Well," said Harding, "what shall we call our club? We can't use the name of 'Old Trinity' any longer, and I don't want to see it smothered to death under a name so pretentious that it will take one's breath away to pronounce it. I am at a loss for a name—I mean a good name, a sensible and appropriate name; in fact, I have been looking forward to this meeting for weeks, and as I did so I tried to form a name to suit, but I couldn't. I have, however, done what I could. I have procured a minute-book and such other matters as I knew we should need; but I have no name to offer you. All I can do—and I take great pleasure in doing it—is to present you with the blanks for the association: 'Name and country have I none.' It is for yourselves to win for the foundling a position of respectability and usefulness."

Harry Thompson, who was standing with his elbow resting upon the mantel-piece and one hand in his pocket, now straightened up and said: "Well, gentlemen, this is the second step toward a club; a very satisfactory one indeed, and I propose that we proceed at once to organize ourselves into something, I don't care what, but into something, so we can make use of Harding's books and be able to return him our official thanks for his kindness."

"I like that," chimed in Graham; "and I move to make Thompson president, to begin with."

"No, you don't," returned Thompson; "I am not the man for the place; besides, if there is any honor to the man who is president of this organization, the title should go to the most deserving, and therefore I desire to substitute the name of our friend, Thomas Harding. If you'll do that, Graham, I shall be glad to second your motion."

"It's all the same to me," said Graham, laughing; "I only want to get the president."

But there was a growing sense of importance about this affair, and Graham seemed to catch the sentiment. He then arose and with much dignity began:

"Gentlemen, for the last four years we have lived, studied, and played together. We meet here to-night for the purpose of taking

some further step which will be an important one toward rendering more enduring the friendships of the past. We are not the driftwood from the college walls: we are the men who shall hold aloft the banner of our *Alma Mater* and carry it onward, ever onward in the vanguard of scientific progress. 'There is plenty of room at the top' is an accepted saying, and please God, I will be one of that company. I am satisfied that I shall touch elbows with you, my fellows, all the way up the ladder that leads to the summit of human acquirement. I am ambitious, and you are ambitious. The fact of our coming here this evening is quite sufficient proof of it. Our principal (God bless him) told us to help each other as friends and fellow-workers, and it is expedient that each group of workmen in any field should have a leader, some one to look up to. It would be well for us that we choose from among us one to act as our counsellor, guide, and friend; therefore I take much pleasure in being permitted on this occasion to submit for your consideration the name of our esteemed friend —Thomas Harding."

He had hardly finished when a dozen voices promptly seconded the motion. To this Thompson as promptly objected.

"I don't want to be selfish," he said; "but I do want to be the regular second to Harding's nomination. It is going to be an honor to the man who is the first president of this club and its first chosen leader. You have heard what Graham said about there being room at the top. As I always did hate overcrowding I am going to try to carry my surgical case right up there, where I shall find plenty of room to stand and work. Now, won't you let me be the seconder of this motion in an orderly manner? Charley Holmes, will you just take a piece of paper and make a minute of our preliminary proceedings?"

Holmes picked up the paper and made the minute requested, thus becoming our first secretary. Gordon moved the resolution, which was unanimously carried. After this we ran along freely in our organizing process on all points but the choice of a name. Upon this, however, there was much hesitation and discussion. Finally, Bradley said *he* had not been named until he was three years old: "You see, the old folks could not agree as to what they would call me, so they waited and left it to chance. One day a stranger came along and called me 'Jimmy;' I had always been

called 'Bub' before, but ever since I have been known as Jimmy Bradley. I have lived through the measles, whooping-cough, and the rest of it, and am still plain Jimmy Bradley; therefore, acting upon my own experience, I suggest that as the fathers cannot agree we shall wait and see along what lines the work of our society runs and then choose a name accordingly."

To this we all agreed, and then came the call for the experiences of the members since we parted. Each seemed to hesitate at being the first to speak, until President Harding rose and made a neat speech in which he thanked us for our confidence, remarking that, inasmuch as he was the first to say he had an experience, he supposed it was not unbecoming for him to be the first to tell it. He would therefore try to do it with as much brevity as the necessary regard to detail would allow.

(*To be continued.*)

* * *

WAS IT TELEPATHY?

Tuesday, Dec. 10, 1895.

DEAR H——:

Have you been practising long-range mental telegraphy on me? If so, kindly choose more decent hours. You have no business to be awake at such a time in the morning, and even then it is unkind to wake me with a false alarm, substituting nothing for my peaceful sleep but unrest and mystery. It was far past "the honey'd middle of the night"—to be exact, it was ten minutes to four this morning—when your voice awakened me with the following oracular remark:

"Seen with the eyes o'
John and Eliza;
Just now!"

I was sound asleep and had not been dreaming, and the voice sounded as usual when one is aroused—rather indistinct at first, but growing clearer toward the end. There was no mistaking it either; so I got up, lit the gas, and actually went to the door, where I would not have been surprised to have found you, if I had not by that time been wide awake and aware that the remark was not your customary form of greeting.

I finally concluded that you had projected your mind in my direction rich in varied thought, as is its wont, but that it had been "held up" and robbed by some tramp spirits on the way; so when it reached me it was clothed in

only the tag end of some ribald song, thrown after it by the astral tramps as they sat down around their fire of spiritual ties.

Aside from this theory I only state what happened. Witness my hand.

D———.

The testimony of H—— is not given. Memory often fails to recall a definite thought coupled with the exact hour. Such an experience as the above, however, may result from a sub-conscious if not a conscious influence. We publish the statement to encourage the recognition of such instances for the purpose of scientific investigation.

* * *

Extract from a letter to a friend recently arrived in town :

" I am inclined to think that you have some uncanny influence, apropos of what you said the last time I saw you, for I was wondering only this morning if you were not in town. Very sincerely,

" ———."

Such phenomena as the above are so frequent as to be regarded merely as "coincidences," yet they are often too significant to be ignored and are worthy of a more scientific investigation.

* * *

The phenomenon of crystal-gazing can easily be produced by suggestion. I told M—— to look at the back of my watch and asked him what visions he saw. He saw a lady walking along a road singing. A man came up and walked past her and was soon joined by another. Here I stopped him. I made him look again. He then saw a man acting on a stage. If, however, we use this simple method we shall find that the muscular state is altered, which is not the case with the true crystal-gazer. I tried the following experiment with M——: I told him that when he looked into a glass of water which I showed him he would see visions, but that he could not go to sleep. He looked into the glass and saw a wedding, which he described minutely. I have repeated the experiment successfully about half a dozen times. By this method the subject remained in a perfectly normal condition, as far as one can see, the muscular state remaining quite unaltered ; nor could any abnormality be detected excepting that when he looked into the glass he saw visions.—*Psychical Research Proceedings.*

HYPNOTIC ACTION.

Colonel de Rochas tells us that he made the following experiments on Mme. O—— in the presence of Dr. Barlemont and MM. Paul Nadar and A. Guerronan, in the well-known photographer's studio of Nadar in Paris. A photograph was taken under the conditions mentioned. As soon as the plate was carried to the dark room, and touched the developing bath, Mme. O—— complained of a cold chill. She could not localize on her body the touch of her image, but she had a general perception of that touch. . . .

An experiment of Colonel de Rochas on Mme. O—— took place as follows: He used generally the palm of his right hand to hypnotize her; he had taken a life-size photograph of that palm of his hand. Mme. O—— was awake and sitting on a chair, not knowing what was going on in the room. Then one of the assistants, being concealed behind a screen, presented the plate on which the hand of Colonel de Rochas was photographed to the plate on which the image of Mme. O—— had been previously taken. At the instant when the gentleman opposed the two plates to each other, Mme. O—— stopped her talk and fell asleep on the chair. Then Colonel De Rochas walked behind the screen and *woke up Mme. O—— by simply blowing on her image.*

This experiment was repeated twice without notifying Mme. O—— of what had been done. Then it was communicated to her. She was surprised and stated she would defeat the experiment next time; she said she could successfully oppose it. The experiment was then made against her and with her knowledge. She fell asleep one minute after the two plates were placed in opposition to each other; she could no longer fight the influence.

The substances which are the most apt to acquire the sensitiveness of the mesmerized subject are generally the same as those which are the most apt to retain odors. Liquids, viscous substances, beeswax, also cloth of a loose texture, like woollen velvet, are peculiarly adapted for it. But all subjects do not "exteriorize" their sense of feeling in the same manner. One subject transferred his sensitiveness specially well to iron, another to silk, and both these subjects had very little power on water or wax.—*Henry Gaullieur, in The Arena.*

DEPARTMENT OF

HEALING PHILOSOPHY.

[We invite contributions to this Department from workers and thinkers in every part of the world, together with information from those familiar with Eastern works containing similar teachings which would be valuable for reference. Well-written articles of moderate length will be used, together with terse sayings, phrases, and quotations adapted to arouse comprehension of those principles of wholeness and harmony on which the health of a race depends. The wisdom of the sages and philosophers of all periods and climes, as well as the most advanced expression of modern thought in these lines, will find a welcome in these pages. Co-operation of earnest friends in so brotherly a cause as this will result in a mighty influence for permanent good, physically, mentally, morally, and spiritually. Let us, therefore, in this attempt join hands, minds, and hearts, for a permanent healing of the nations by developing that degree of knowledge which shall make health their common possession.]

HAPPINESS *VS.* DISEASE.

The fact that the health of individuals depends upon the mental attitude of the subject has been clearly demonstrated. Metaphysicians claim that a healthy condition of mind which appreciates its own power can regulate the health of the entire physical system; moreover, in many instances it succeeds in restoring health. Modern practitioners of the medical schools evidently do not accept the evidence brought forward as being sufficient to justify the more extreme claims, or at least do not acknowledge this evidence as convincing.

I intend to claim but little, and ask only for an impartial judgment, by which alone it is possible conscientiously to test the mental, or rather the natural, methods of healing. I also plead for the observance of certain fundamental principles, in order that the ills that mankind seems heir to may be prevented from attaining a mastery over those who are normally healthy individuals.

I have observed patients suffering from so-called incurable diseases, and the fact has been frequently impressed upon me that the degree of suffering with equally severe cases varies with different people. I have seen many consumptives, acknowledged in-

curables, yet wearing a smile of peaceful resignation and suffering less bodily pain than others equally ill who accepted their situation less philosophically. This fact in itself reveals a moral. Peace of mind acts as a quietus of pain, while mental unrest and tumult produce the opposite result in cases where the disease has wasted the physical organs to a similar extent. But I have also noticed that in instances where the patients were resigned, and peacefully accepted their condition as irrevocable, they in reality gradually grew weaker and finally succumbed—but not nearly so quickly as those who were less calm.

It is to be noted that in the instances where the sufferers resigned themselves to fate, as they saw it, they denied the ability of the human will, properly exercised, to control and finally conquer their illness and readjust the disarranged organism. If they had gained *positiveness*, instead of remaining passively inert, they might have prevented a further encroachment of disease.

One case has come under my personal observation where a man, becoming the victim of an unusually complicated heart trouble, was at different times pronounced dying by the leading specialists. This man had the faculty of appreciating the power of his own mind for readjustment and triumph over death. To the surprise of all he has by sheer exercise of will made himself a new man, whose body is now fitted to meet the exigencies of the abnormal heart. This power of self-confidence may be awakened, as in the case just quoted, by auto-suggestion, or it may be inspired by the vocal utterances of those who come into direct or sympathetic contact with the invalid.

Remember this, men and women who call upon friends in their hours of physical weakness: Throw out to them thoughts that will encourage and strengthen their confidence in "will" and their own power to control weakness. Say to them that which will force upon them the knowledge that they need not despair or even admit the possibility of being conquered by disease. You can do this, every one of you, when you visit a sick friend, and in so doing you may have the conviction that you are surely accomplishing more good than could possibly avail through drugs. Your attempt cannot work harm, and it may—nay, *will*—accomplish untold good.

Have you ever considered that perhaps the general tone of

your conversation may sometimes aid disease in its battle with the sensitive organism of a friend? Few are aware that this is a fact; yet in our extreme caution, in our very love for our friends, we sometimes unthinkingly set in motion a train of thought which proves a potent auto-suggestion. It may prove a gigantic factor in bringing about the most undesirable results.

A few "don't's" and a few "do's" are appended. A trial of their enforcement will benefit you and those with whom you come in contact:

Don't suggest that this weather is too damp to be healthful.

Don't suggest that pneumonia is prevalent.

Don't say, "Why, how pale you look!"

Don't say, "I am so sorry you are not looking stronger."

Don't ask your friends if they are "not afraid of catching cold in this draft?"

Don't suggest that perhaps the drainage is bad.

Don't sigh, nor look depressed and pitifully sympathetic.

Don't flaunt mourning in the face of those in trouble, and suggest that the symptoms are just the same as in your dear husband's last illness.

Don't think, suggest, nor look unpleasant or unwholesome things at any time, in any place, under any circumstances.

But—

Do smile as often as you can.

Do tell your friend that she is looking better. It will not be wrong, and you can repeat the same observation five minutes later without equivocation.

Do say that the air outside is invigorating, and that a short walk would do her good.

Do say that you are happy, and try to look it. A tale of woe is never good medicine.

Do put yourself out, if need be, to be cheerful, happy, and kindly considerate of others—until it becomes second nature with you. In this way you will make happiness possible for others and for yourself.

Do your share, in such common-sense ways as these, in proving that happiness is at least akin to the best antidote for disease, and you will prove a blessing to every sufferer you meet.

C. F. Bates.

WHENCE CAME "LA GRIPPE?"

In the November number of THE METAPHYSICAL MAGAZINE, Joseph L. Hasbroucke incidentally asks the question, "Whence came that cruel monster 'la grippe'?" This reminds the writer of a theory advanced, or rather suggested, some years ago, by a member of the old San Francisco Metaphysical Society (which has since changed its name), that seemed to answer this question.

Simultaneously with the appearance of "la grippe" in the United States, some of the most popular magazines had serial articles, written by Mr. George Kennan, on the cruelties perpetrated upon the Russian serf, and also in the lecture field he pictured in thrilling language the sufferings of the oppressed Russian peasant. The skilful, realistic illustrations in the magazines were vivid pictures of atrocities that made one's blood run cold; and a wave of such enthusiastic but helpless sympathy for the unfortunates swept over the whole country that those who were the most sensitive and negative were deeply affected by these thought vibrations. Their systems were weakened by dwelling upon the misery which they were powerless to alleviate, and for a time the "Russian terror" made them its own. The physical expression of this nervous condition was doubtless the epidemic which came to be known as "la grippe."

Pity is always weakening. Having been at the time one of the interested readers of the articles on Russia, the writer remembers feeling anxious and disturbed day and night just previous to becoming a victim to this epidemic, and afterward quickly recognized the connection between the two as cause and effect.

W. W. S.

THE following is an old Roman prayer: "Preserve me from sickness, and endue my body with such measure of health as may suffice it for the obeying of the spirit, that I may pass my days unhindered and in quietness."

HE that has given proof of his virtue in public should do well to make trial of it in private also.—*Seneca.*

HEALING BY MIND.

Let us admit the facts in the case. There can be no question that what under regular treatment would be called cures have been wrought and are being wrought through mental methods. Tested, as we would test the efficacy of iron and strychnine, mental healing cures.

The first step to an understanding of such a fact is to trace its lateral connections. There are other forms of occult healing which suggest a relation to the mind cure, although the bond may be disowned by the advocates of these different "isms." Hypnotism —that most fascinating phase of the border land of science—carries possibilities of healing whose rationale is not as yet opened by medical science. Mr. Braid found that when he had hypnotized patients he could make those who had lost the use of their limbs walk. Mesmerism has, without question, proved some healing power, whether that power be wholly the mental energy of the patient, stirred by imagination and faith, or some mystic effluence from the mesmerizer. Spiritualism has its healing mediums, through whom wonderful effects are experienced, whatever our theory of the cause may be. The faith cure is working its marvels, as you may see within a few blocks any Sunday. Catholic shrines are sending hosts of people back from their pilgrimages to all practical intent cured. Plainly the fact of occult healing is a much larger fact than is ordinarily supposed, and one much more difficult of being snugly stowed away in a neat little theory than is suspected by the advocates of any of these "isms."

The next step in any study of this question is to trace back the historical rootings of the fact. If it be a wholly novel fact it is *prima facie* no fact at all. As every student of history knows, all these forms of occult healing reach far back through the story of man. The power of mind over the body for disease or for health is no Yankee notion, but is as old as philosophy. The Medicine Man has practised for ages among savage tribes, killing or curing. In the temples of ancient paganism cures were wrought by treatment whose passes suggest an early form of mesmerism. Healing at the hands of spiritualistic mediums is older than Galen. Sa-

cred shrines have through all ages been the doctors of the people. Our Bible is sufficient testimony to the antiquity of the faith cure. There are ample well-attested facts concerning historical personages in whom these various forms of occult healing have indistinguishably blended, such as the *Cure d'Ars* in our own time; Prince Hohenlohe, a Hungarian Archbishop in the beginning of our century; the famous Valentine Greatrechen in the seventeenth century, and others up to the time of that Nazarite prophet who went about "healing all manner of diseases."

What are we to make of this strange fact? Is the re-emergence of occult healing merely a recrudescence of superstition, or is there any such curative agency discernible which can be acknowledged by science? The medical faculty tell us that most of the disorders which thus seem to be cured are factitious. Hysteria apes all diseases. A disease which is an illusion may be cured by a remedy which is an illusion. Bread pills may be administered for fancied ailments, while sound hygienic treatment rights the real disorder. Functional disorders may be most favorably affected by "expectant attention." "A dominant idea" of being healed may co-work with drugs toward that healing. We thus pass from a purely illusive mental action to a most real mental action. The imagination which cures imaginative diseases may aid in curing most actual diseases. Every physician knows the importance of mental states in curative processes. Even a broken bone will knit better under the influence of a happy mind. Cancer may be removable only by a knife, but the best plaster afterward is an easy mind. The patient who does not expect to recover neutralizes the efficacy of the best drugs. Rouse the will and every drug gains a heightened potency. Cholera germs are most actual physical forces, but they find no condition for action in the man whose nerves are braced by fearlessness, while they spawn into fatal disease where the blood is enfeebled by a degenerate nervous system itself emasculated by fear.—*Rev. R. Heber Newton.*

To HIM who is penetrated by true principles even the briefest precept is sufficient to remind him that he should be free from grief and fear.—*M. Antoninus.*

HINDU THEORIES OF THE PULSE.

In this age of Kaliyuga, when commensurate with the increase of vices there is the increase of diseases, that department of knowledge which tends to the alleviation of human physical sufferings, and which should be most improved, is that of Vythia Shastra, or medicine; yet we find it is in a low state, both in the West and the East. We find the Western system is not giving satisfaction to the people there, nor is it to the people in India. One European gentleman of high education told me that he never took European medicines in all his life, though he was then forty years of age, from the fact of his having no faith in them.

In India, prior to the introduction of European medicine, etc., the Eastern system was in a greatly deteriorated condition on account of its being in the hands of ignorant and quack doctors. But when the Western system was introduced into India the people here were dazzled, as in everything European, by the glossy exteriors and the chemist's clean crystal glasses with Latin names labelled on them, and took to them with great avidity. But now, after years of experience, we find that, excepting in surgery and midwifery, European medicines effect no permanent cure at all in chronic or difficult cases. We find in such cases that we have only to pay doctor's bills with no good results, inasmuch as the period of treatment is eked out to an indefinitely long time; whereas it is known that for a small sum they are cured, after being entirely given up by the European doctors, by some Hindu doctors here or there who can be got at only with great difficulty. But according to the Western treatment, cures are effected only in cases where it is but a question of time. . . .

As regards diagnosis itself, there are eight diagnostic signs (according to the Hindus) to determine a disease, viz., the changes in the pulse, color, blood, tongue, etc., of which the most important and the surest is the first. Without a proper knowledge of this science, no man can be termed a doctor; yet we find in the modern days many native medical doctors following their profession without a proper knowledge of this science. It is through it that the Hindus (I mean those few only who are intelligent and have got the old secrets) are able to state, without

speaking with their patients about their disease, etc., the nature of the malady as well as the symptoms and pains the patient is suffering from. Through it they are able to predict death, which is to occur not only months and days but even years hence. I think also that through this they distinguish between a trance and actual death.—*K. N. Iyer, in The Theosophist.*

SURVIVAL OF THE FITTEST.

To the query, "Are we not the Superior Race?" we may emphatically answer, "Yes;" but this affirmative will not satisfactorily answer a still more important question, "Are we the fittest to survive?"

Wherein consists the fitness for survival? In the capacity of self-adaptation to any and every environment; in the instantaneous ability to face the unforeseen; in the inherent power to meet and to master all opposing natural influences. And surely not in the mere capacity to adapt ourselves to factitious environments of our own invention, or to abnormal influences of our own manufacture, but only in the simple power to live. Now in this simple power of living, our so-called higher races are immensely inferior to the races of the far East. Though the physical energies and the intellectual resources of the Occidental exceed those of the Oriental, they can be maintained only at an expense totally incommensurate with the racial advantage. For the Oriental has proved his ability to study and to master the results of our science upon a diet of rice, and on as simple a diet can learn to manufacture and to utilize our most complicated inventions. But the Occidental cannot even live except at a cost sufficient for the maintenance of twenty Oriental lives. In our very superiority lies the secret of our fatal weakness. Our physical machinery requires a fuel too costly to pay for the running of it in a perfectly conceivable future period of race-competition and pressure of population.

Before, and very probably since, the apparition of Man, various races of huge and wonderful creatures, now extinct, lived on this planet. They were not all exterminated by the attacks of natural enemies: many seem to have perished simply by reason of the enormous costliness of their structures at a time when the

earth was forced to become less prodigal of her gifts. Even so it may be that the Western races will perish—because of the cost of their existence. Having accomplished their uttermost, they may vanish from the face of the world—supplanted by peoples better fitted for survival.

Just as we have exterminated feebler races by merely *overliving* them—by monopolizing and absorbing, almost without conscious effort, everything necessary to their happiness—so may we ourselves be exterminated at last by races capable of *underliving* us, of monopolizing all our necessities, races more patient, more self-denying, more fertile, and much less expensive for Nature to support. These would doubtless inherit our wisdom, adopt our more useful inventions, continue the best of our industries, perhaps even perpetuate what is most worthy to endure in our sciences and our arts. But they would scarcely regret our disappearance any more than we ourselves regret the extinction of the dinotherium or the ichthyosaurus.—*Lafcadio Hearn.*

No man takes care to live well, but long; when yet it is in everybody's power to do the former, and in no man's to do the latter.—*Seneca.*

Before the introduction of nitrous-oxide gas as an anæsthetic, various kinds of devices were tried to prevent pain in extracting teeth. One plan was the lightning, or electric-battery method, a copper wire connecting the battery with the forceps, through which a current was conveyed to the tooth at the moment of extraction. My first patient, suffering terribly from toothache, eagerly took the chair, having perfect confidence in the new method. Really he had more confidence than the operator. Everything being ready, the tooth was grasped and the electric current turned on; but the connecting wire, proving too short, broke just at the moment of the extraction, of course cutting off the current instantly. The tooth, however, was extracted, there being no time for repairs. The patient instantly left the chair, exclaiming: "The greatest invention of the age! I didn't suffer the slightest pain!" Here we have another practical illustration of the effect of mind over matter.—*Exchange.*

THE WORLD OF THOUGHT

WITH EDITORIAL COMMENT.

AS TO PLAGIARISM.

The fact has been brought to our notice that an article on "Psychic Development," which appeared in THE METAPHYSICAL MAGAZINE for November, 1895, contains some paragraphs which bear a striking resemblance to certain portions of a work by J. H. Dewey, entitled "The Way, The Truth, and The Life." The author of the article assures us that the source of her inspiration was the oral teaching of Eastern savants and a few standard Oriental books of reference, and that this MS. was prepared while she was in the Orient. She also claims entire unacquaintance with Dr. Dewey's works. The author seems to have submitted the article in good faith as an original production; but in justice to Dr. Dewey we gladly make this acknowledgment of the similarity of both teaching and expression, and the priority of his copyright. We shall do all in our power at all times to prevent plagiarized writing from appearing in THE METAPHYSICAL MAGAZINE, and we hereby call the attention of contributors to the necessity of carefully avoiding the possibility of copying.

Apropos of this subject, Franz Hartmann, M.D., writes us from Hallein, Austria, as follows:

"The laws of nature are nothing new and continually rediscovered by many. If two writers describe the process of psychic development, which they have learned from their own experience, their descriptions will necessarily be very nearly identical in substance, if not in words: just as two writers describing the art of printing would explain it nearly alike. There is no reason why anybody should conceal a certain idea which he has discovered because somebody may have discovered and expressed the same idea before him. Otherwise the entire Bible might be considered a plagiarism of the Vedas, and nobody could preach any moral doctrine without being accused of plagiarizing."

CONVICTION AND DOGMATISM.

A " conviction " is a proposition held clearly and definitely in the mind—anything of the truth of which we feel sure. On such certainties we build our conduct, we mould our lives. By such certainties men's characters are formed. It is such certainties, and not all the drifting mass of thoughts that pass through our minds, that make us what we are. They are the anchors of the soul. Persons who have no certainties are swayed by every gust of feeling, changed in conduct by every passing phase of thought, swept hither and thither by every streamlet of opinion. Hence the enormous importance of right beliefs; for error in belief will inevitably bear fruit in error of conduct, and the usefulness of our lives be marred by intellectual mistake and spiritual blindness. . . .

All real science is built on certainties. Only when a fact is definitely established, and its reality becomes a conviction, can it be of value to the world. A man of science, expounding scientific truths to the people, does not say: " It may be so, think as you like; " he says : " It is so; disregard it at your peril." All that awaits verification in the realm of may-be can serve as hypothesis, as speculation, as perhaps interesting and stimulating material for thought; but it offers no sure basis for the guidance of men's lives. . . .

If truth is to fructify in the mind, the mind must welcome it, assimilate it, become one with it. A truth, however true, which is authoritatively forced upon the mind unprepared for it, and which remains alien amid its surroundings, is not only useless but is a positive source of danger. It cramps and fetters mental action, it produces bewilderment and confusion; instead of educating it dwarfs, and it beats back mental capacity instead of drawing it forth. Such a dogma cannot be a conviction, it can only be an assertion, and its reiteration only increases its benumbing force. No man has a right to enforce his conviction on another, to demand assent to his statements, submission to his certainties. True to his convictions he may be, hold to them, live by them, die for them; but force them on others—no; not though they be the truest of truths, the most certain of certainties. . . .

Let it be clearly understood that there are truths the demonstration of which must be directed to the spirit and not to the intellect, and that the evolution of spiritual faculties is as rigorously necessary for their comprehension as the evolution of intellectual faculties is necessary to the comprehension of intellectual truths. Every one admits that the demonstration of a difficult philosophical proposition cannot be appreciated by an untrained mind, and that intellectual capacity must be educed ere such a demonstration can be understood. It is equally true that the demonstration of a spiritual truth cannot be effectively made to any one in whom the spiritual faculties have not been educed and trained.—*Annie Besant, in The Theosophist.*

SOME CHANGES WROUGHT BY EVOLUTION.

If man has emerged out of animality into humanity, then he approaches his ideal just in proportion as he departs from the characteristically animal plane and lives on the distinctively human. In animals the whole life and activity are concentrated on the now. Man, on the contrary, by memory and imagination, and more and more as his distinctive human nature predominates, lives also in the past and the future. His life expands more and more backward and forward, until in the ideal man he lives equally in all time. For him there is equal reality in all moments—past, present, and future. He weighs in equal balance all events without any prejudice in favor of the now, and is thus, as it were, unconditioned by time. This is the ideal of wise and prudent conduct, the intellectual ideal.

Again, in animals the whole life and activity are concentrated on the self, although an unrecognized self, for selfhood is first recognized in man. Man, on the contrary, and more and more as his distinctive human nature predominates, lives also in and for other selves. His life expands and incorporates more and more the lives of others, through a realizing sympathy and love. He reaches his ideal in this direction when his life spreads equally over all other lives in proportion to their real work; when self-love no longer in the least disturbs the justness of judgment or unduly influences conduct; when self and other selves are weighed in the same just balance—in a word, when he is at last unconditioned by self. This is the ideal of right conduct—the moral ideal. The moral law of equal love to self and neighbor is now fulfilled. This ideal, first given by the moral insight of the Founder of Christianity, is now at last verified by science. Observe that the condition and beginning of this whole process of evolution are the recognition of selfhood in man; but observe also that man finds selfhood only to lose it again in love.—*Professor Le Conte, in The Educational Review.*

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IDEALITY has been explained as a vision of the mind. That definition sets forth the great truth that the mind has vision—that it can see. Being able to see, it can likewise give shape to what it sees. It creates. It can see only that which has being. It can, by no possibility, perceive or conceive of a nonentity. If the human soul imagines an immortal life, if it conceives of a Supreme Being, who is essentially Life, Intelligence, and Goodness, then God and immortality are everlasting facts. Imagination has perceived them and given shape to the conception. No matter though what is real to one person seems unreal and even dogmatic to another; this is true alike of a toothache or a voice from the interior world.—*Alexander Wilder, M. D.*

PREACHERS SHOULD TEACH.

Teachers have been too often stewards who bring out only the old things from the treasury, words and acts fitted to another age. They go on using a phraseology which is not understood, preaching sermons about dead controversies and condemning heresies long forgotten. They teach; but the people, tried and troubled by thoughts of duty to the rich and duty to the poor, find no help in their teaching. And sermons have become almost a by-word for dulness and inaptness. If the Church could send teachers who, in the study of modern movements and modern thoughts, had found a present Christ—if in the name of that Christ they could tell what Christ requires men to do—their words would convince of sin, of righteousness, and of judgment. Christ would once more prove conqueror, and men would give up their "rights" as they gave up their slaves.

Christ is in the world making himself felt when he is not comprehended. Teachers who would preach him as he is would compel obedience; and if teachers could compel obedience to Christ, the problems which agitate society would be solved. They would, perhaps, be more able to find Christ in the present if they were better equipped for study. Bishops might with advantage set candidates for orders to read modern books, and in examination test their powers to observe the signs of the times. The knowledge of Paley, of Pearson, might, for instance, be supplemented if not supplanted by some knowledge of the movement of scientific and economic thought during the last fifty years, and proof be given that those offering themselves as leaders "perceive with their eyes and hear with their ears and understand with their heart." The bishops guide the study of the teachers, and with them more than with any others it rests to enable the Church to seize the opportunity of preaching a present Christ to a troubled world.—*Samuel A. Barnett, in The Contemporary Review.*

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THE whole burden of Jesus' preaching was to show that so long as the heart and mind were unpurged, all external forms and ceremonies were but whitewash to a sepulchre. This was also the teaching of his glorious predecessor, the Buddha, who specifically sketched in infinite detail and condemned the forms of hypocrisy, spiritual pride, and self-delusion. He had begun his training for the future struggle with Mara under the Bodhi tree, by learning and himself practising all the systems of Hatha Yoga, and discovering their futility as helps to salvation. The pure heart and clean mind alone permit one to attain salvation.—*H. S. Olcott.*

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HATRED ceases not by hatred at any time; hatred ceases by love: this is an old rule.—*Buddha.*

BETTER JEWISH SERMONS WANTED.

The sermon is no longer an occasional luxury in Hebrew services; it is a prime and regular necessity. If the ritual is to have a force in life, it must deal with the current problems of life. Surely no meeting for public worship is complete unless the word of God is expounded in accordance with modern needs as well as read in its ancient syllables. No doubt there still lingers an occasional irritation against the sermon; here and there one continues to meet with grumblers who sigh with relief when the minister for once lets his congregation off without a homily. This, however, is not the fault of the sermon as an institution; it is the fault of the preacher as an individual. Some of our clergymen take their sermons too easily. Only once or twice in a generation does there flash across the horizon of the synagogue a star like Jellinek, a born orator, who, nevertheless, regarded his weekly sermon as the object of his week's thought and labor.—*Exchange.*

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A VISION.

Eyes so tender, so pure and true,
What are these visions I see?
These depths in silence I'm seeking to view—
Come, tell all your secrets to me.

Shut in by the walls of unfathomed desire,
Seeking the Way 'mid the toilsome strife;
Though the soul is bathed with a Holy Fire,
Art thou bitter or sweet, thou Cup of Life?

Conscious of power but in captive bands,
Thou'rt brave to contend through the cruel years;
Life's high hopes are lost in the shifting sands,
Yet awakening thoughts lie too deep for tears.

Behold a star in thy path, O blessed one!
It thrills thy soul, and groping its way
Responds to the Heaven's high-born Son
While hope brings faith in the Promised Day.

Fate cannot prove there is naught but night;
The veil of clouds will be at last withdrawn.
The Soul shall awake to its Life and Light
And behold on the heights the splendor of dawn.

—*J. B. Miller.*

THE WISDOM RELIGION.

A student should engender thoughts of love, and create a feeling of sympathy between himself and his immediate associates. Never should this current of sympathy be allowed to break. A current of sympathy must be established between himself and the pure beings of the astral plane. This chain of sympathy has to be made by the links of love. Let him give good wishes, flash love to all beings, visible and invisible. There must be protection from evil influences on this earthly plane, as well as on the astral plane. . . . A student, in short, must be fortified by thoughts of love toward all beings. The desire for the acquisition of psychic powers must be given up entirely. Even the latent wish for them impedes spiritual progress. On the one hand it requires the expenditure of an unusual amount of psychic energy, which may result after all in failure, and in the other is an impediment to the acquisition of pure and higher knowledge. . . .

All ideas of sectarianism are absolutely repudiated by all the great teachers of the Wisdom Religion. The teaching of Gautama Buddha should not be called "Buddhism," and as a Buddhist I protest against it. It is not so spoken of in Buddhist countries, but called "Arya Dharma"—not the religion of the Aryans, the word *Arya* meaning "noble."—"*The Visuddha Marga*," *in The Theosophist.*

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A PHOTOGRAPHIC WONDER.

A remarkable scientific achievement is reported from Wurzburg University—the discovery of a light that will penetrate and render transparent for photographic purposes most opaque substances, and especially the coverings of the human body, and wood. The inventor claims to have succeeded in photographing metal weights inclosed in a wooden case, and the bones of a man's hand through the integuments and muscles, the flesh being invisible.

The principle is not to be understood from any possible brief description by telegraph. It may be assumed that the integuments, the flesh or wood, or any covering, is rendered invisible in the photograph by being out of focus of the lens, while the contents which it is desired to photograph is made the focal point. The character of the light is not known. The uses of such an invention are endless, but it is the surprising character of the discovery that is most interesting.—*New York Commercial Advertiser.*

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THINGS temporal are sweeter in the expectation; things eternal are sweeter in the fruition. The first shows thy hope; the other crowns it. It is a vain journey whose end can afford less pleasure than the way.—*Quarles.*

THE OFFICE OF PHILOSOPHY.

The office of philosophy is to unfold the perfect truth for our contemplation and willing obedience. It embraces the great world of causes within its scope, reaching clear to the absolute and permanent principles underlying them, to the end that the lessons derived from them may be applied in individual experience. Transcending the limits of common science and opinion, its domain is rather the nobler, illimitable sphere of intelligence which the higher natures occupy. All great action is such by reason of the enthusiasm by which it is inspired. It has a firm basis of faith, an intuition of the more excellent and firm assurance of truth beyond all seeming or expediency. The sentiment of worship in every human soul radiates into the thought and more or less directs the conduct. Philosophic aspiration after the good and beautiful in life is the outbirth of this motive and the endeavor to give it proper expression. Hence the speculative faculties of the mind must be developed in order that the practical achievement may be genuine and enduring.—*Alexander Wilder, M.D.*

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THESE rules are said to be written in the ante-chamber of every Lodge of a real Brotherhood :

Before the eyes can see they must be incapable of tears.

Before the ear can hear it must have lost its sensitiveness.

Before the voice can speak in the presence of the Masters, it must have lost the power to wound.

Before the soul can stand in the presence of the Masters, its feet must be washed in the blood of the heart.—"*Light on the Path.*"

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THERE is no such thing in God's universe as a principle of positive evil. Evil is the travail-pain of the soul's birth from the material surroundings to immortality, life, and joy. It is the friction of the spiritual life in its evolution from the material. Evil is therefore inevitable, but temporary. In one position it is good; and in the absolute sense, it is right that evil is. It is only when by an attempt to force the animal rule of selfishness into the domain of the spiritual that good becomes evil, and right is transformed into wrong.—*H. S. Loveland.*

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THE capability of great men in receiving impressions from a superior source is the secret of their greatness. The poem, the plan of battle, and the beneficent law are referred *to* them by those who do not understand; but *beyond* them is the mental force of which they are the instruments unawares.—*Hudson Tuttle.*

THE ancients described the sun as the superior Viashnavite (subjective light) that pervades men for the explanation to become comprehensible. The subjective light which pervades man's being and raises him far above the level of brutes by his thinking and spiritual faculties is the light of Vishnu, or the sun. Let us suppose, as is usual, that it is in the heart or the brain. A spiritual man identifies his Self with the light that is working in him, and does all daily duties as the witness, and yet doer. Anything that tends to clog that light is a power of darkness, or Rakshasa. The change that is sleep during the night has its momentum even after the spiritually-minded man awakes. It is this that will create a host of cloudy powers before a man re-establishes himself in that spiritual light, and it is the pronunciation of the sacred syllable "Om" that is said to have the power of killing the Rakshasas. Since everything is done best when done in the season, the Brahmin does it in the morning of the day, or the time which gives the initial impulse to the day.—*A. Nilakanta Sastri, in The Theosophist.*

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THOSE high-souled persons that do not commit sins in word, deed, heart, or soul, are said to undergo ascetic austerities, and not they that suffer their bodies to be wasted by fasts and penances. He that hath no feeling of kindness for relatives cannot be free from sin, even if his body be pure. That hard-heartedness of his is the enemy of his asceticism. Asceticism, again, is not mere abstinence from the pleasures of the world. He that is always pure and decked with virtues, he that practises kindness all his life, is a *Muni*, even though he lead a domestic life.—*H. S. Olcott.*

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IT often amuses me to hear men impute all their misfortunes to fate, luck, or destiny, whilst their successes or good fortune they ascribe to their own sagacity, cleverness, or penetration. It never occurs to such minds that light and darkness are one and the same, emanating from and being part of the same nature.—*Coleridge.*

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EMILE BURNOUF says in his "Science of Religions:" "The Zend-Avesta contains the whole metaphysical doctrine of the Christians: the unity of God, the living God, the Spirit, the Word, the Mediator, the Son begotten by the Father, principle of life in the body, and sanctification of the soul."

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THE Upanishad says: "A man who is free from desires, and from grief, sees the majesty of the Self by the *grace* of the Creator."

* * *

"HE who has the understanding, and whose mind is always firmly held—*his* senses are under control."

BOOK REVIEWS.

THE PSYCHOLOGY OF NUMBER. By James A. McLellan, A.M., LL.D., and John Dewey, Ph.D. 309 pp. Cloth, $1.50. D. Appleton & Co., Publishers, New York.

The need of more exact educational methods is finding a definite expression in the various branches of learning. Since psychology itself has obtained rank among the exact sciences, and become susceptible of experiment and demonstration, it has supplied a mental basis even for mathematics. Measurement and mind find a common ground in the unit. "The Psychology of Number" is not only a valuable application of psychology to arithmetic, but it fills a definite place in the growth of educational methods and contributes to a field of learning in which there are as yet few competitors. "The mechanical side of training must be joined to the intellectual in such a form as to prevent the fixing of the mind in thoughtless habits. While the mere processes become mechanical, the mind should by ever-deepening insight continually increase its power to grasp details in more extensive combinations." This conception formed by the authors will apply to all branches of learning and will prove especially valuable in the study of arithmetic.

THE HIDDEN FAITH. By Alwyn M. Thurber. 294 pp. Cloth, $1.25; paper, 50c. F. M. Harley Publishing Co., Chicago, Ill.

Occult teachings are here embodied in a story which is simple, interesting, and attractive for the casual reader. Those who look deeper than the surface will find the philosophy, and without difficulty will be able quickly to grasp and assimilate its principles. In the course of the story dissatisfaction brings inquiry to the husband, and the discovery that is made by him is soon shared by his wife. The mystic chapel is a modern adaptation of Orientalism, but its purpose is for concentration of the mind and meditation, by which all spiritual development may be attained.

YOURSELF. By Henry S. Tafft. 31 pp. Paper, 25c. Published by the author, Providence, R. I. [For sale by The Metaphysical Publishing Co.]

As a brief explanation of the principles and basis of healing disease through metaphysical or spiritual power, this work will appeal to many who, by reason of incomplete knowledge, have previously failed to comprehend these principles.

PHRENOPATHY; or, Rational Mind Cure. By Charles W. Close, Ph.D. Paper, $1.00. Published by the author, Bangor, Me. [For sale by The Metaphysical Publishing Co.]

This system of mind cure is carefully arranged and distinctly expressed in short paragraphs, rich with meaning. Few works have appeared which are more practical and concise.

UNDER the advice and encouragement of Swami Vivekananda, the first number of *The Brahmavâdin* was issued in Madras, September 14th, 1895, and will continue to be published fortnightly. The object of this journal is to propagate the principles of the Vedantic religion of India, and to present the sublime and universal ideal of Hinduism for the improvement of the social and moral condition of man. This evolution of human perfection concerns all mankind, and rises to heights of philosophy and worship in which all differences of religion may be harmonized. It seeks a unity of Truth rather than a union of creeds. Subscription, $2.00 per annum; single copies, 15c. [For sale by The Metaphysical Publishing Co.]

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OTHER NEW PUBLICATIONS.

Biochemistry and Mental Science. By Dr. George W. Carey. Paper, 25c. Published by the author, San José, California.

The Eternal Pilgrim and The Voice Divine. By Jehangir Sorabji. Published by the author, Hyderabad, Deccan, India.

The Divinity of the Flesh; That Ghastly Altar Shadow; and *Plain Paper on Occultism.* Three books by Fremont E. Wood. Poetry by Nan W. Healy. Each, paper, 50c. Published by the authors, Wichita, Kansas.

The Law of Expression; or, The Order of Creation. By Alma Gillen. Published by the author, London, England.

Parenthood. By Dr. Alice B. Stockham. Published by the author, Chicago, Ill.

Ninth Biennial Report. Kansas State Historical Society. 174 pp.

Forestry in Our Schools. By J. O. Barrett. Published by *The Progressive Age*, Minneapolis, Minn.

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FOR the information of book buyers, the Metaphysical Publishing Co. begs to announce the purchase of the Circulating Library and sale stock of the Gestefeld Library and Publishing Co. The services of Mr. Harry Gestefeld have been secured, and he will have charge of the book counters and the Circulating Library. Mr. Gestefeld will be pleased to receive a visit from his friends and former patrons.